

DECEMBER
1955

APOLLO

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

the Magazine of the Arts for

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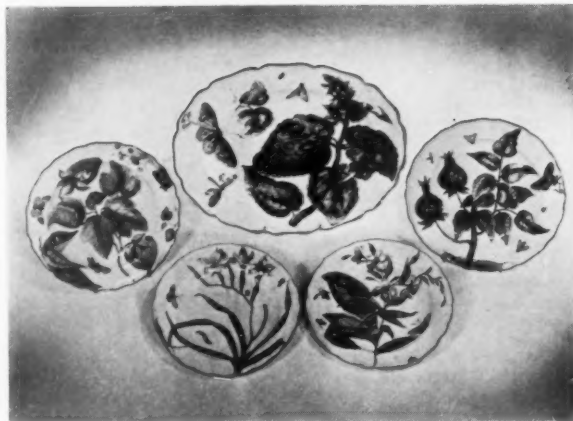
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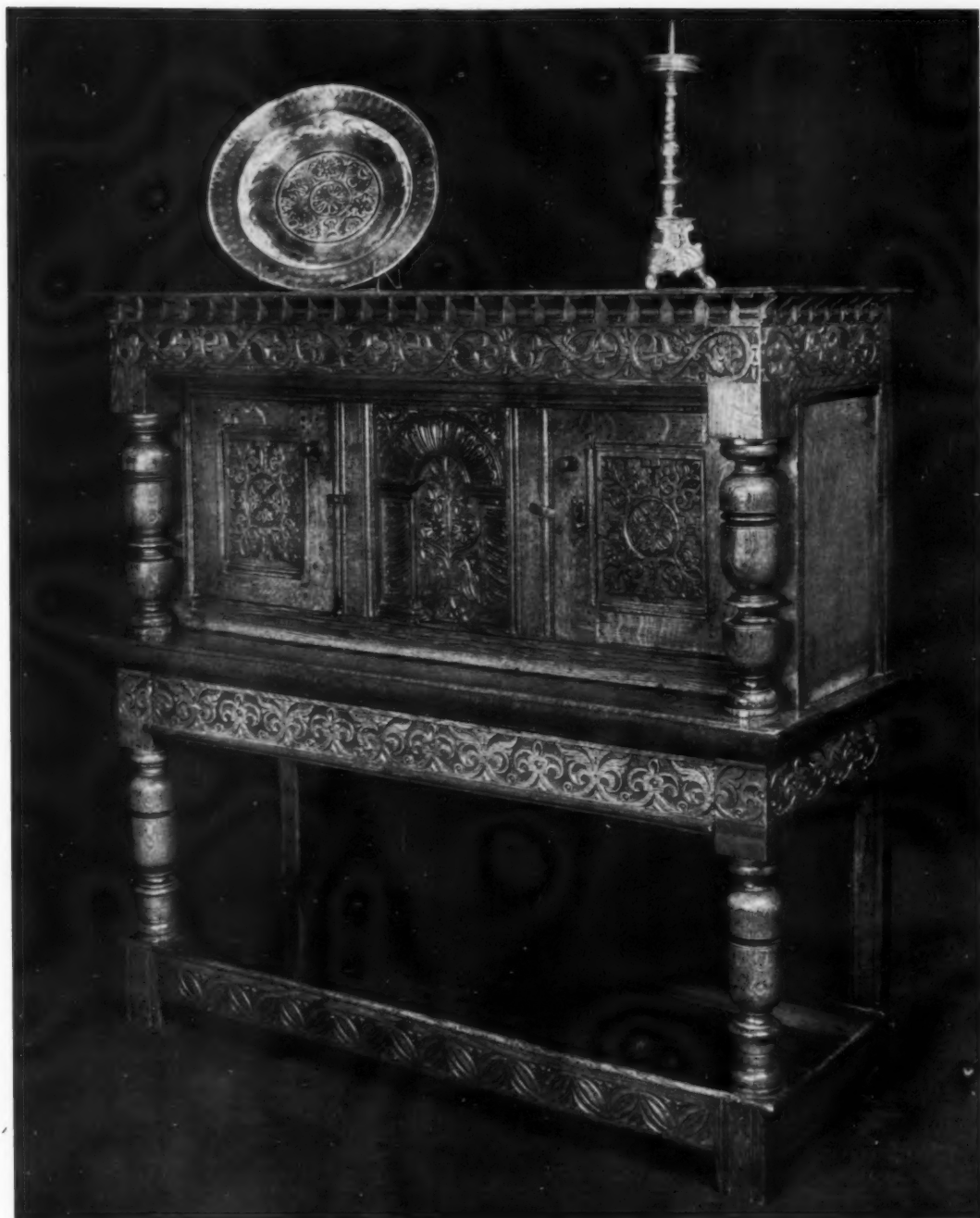


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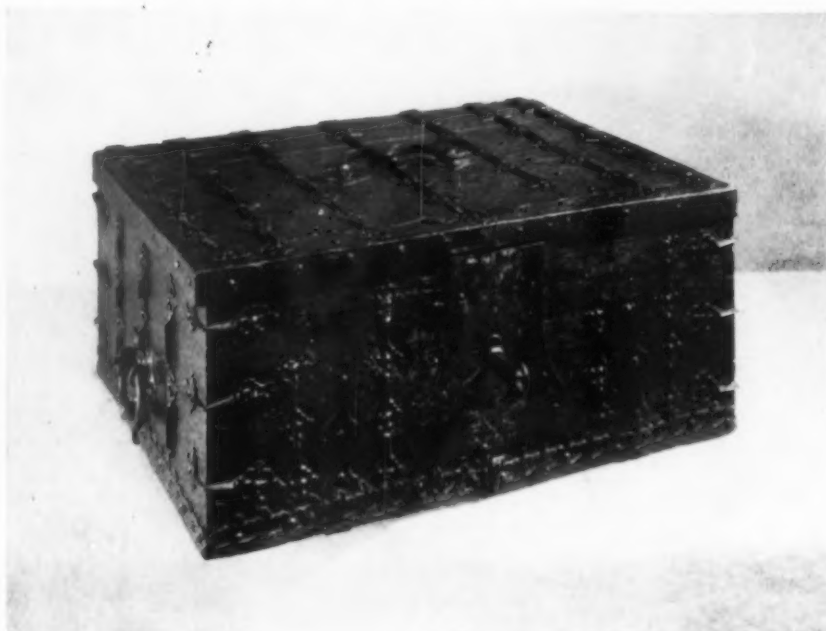
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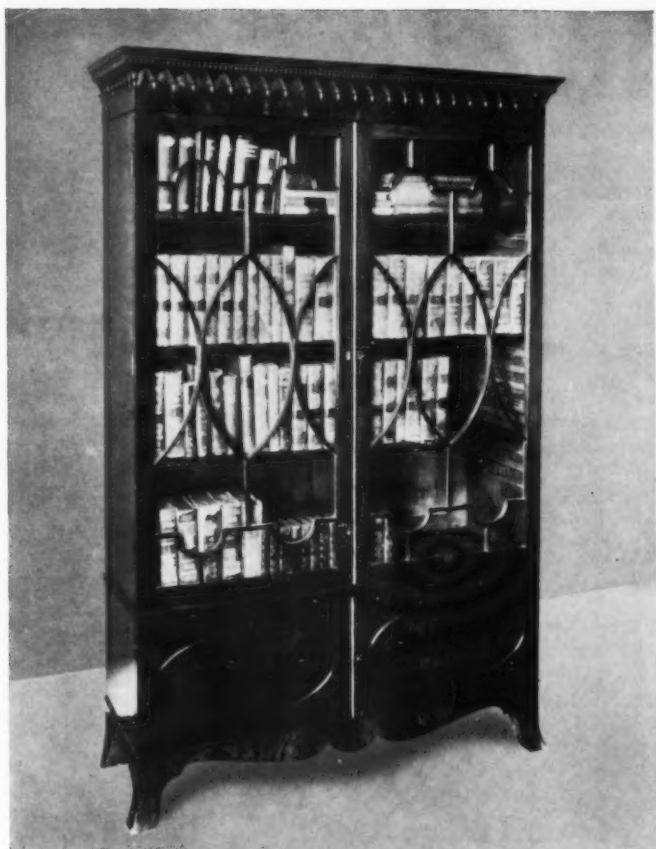
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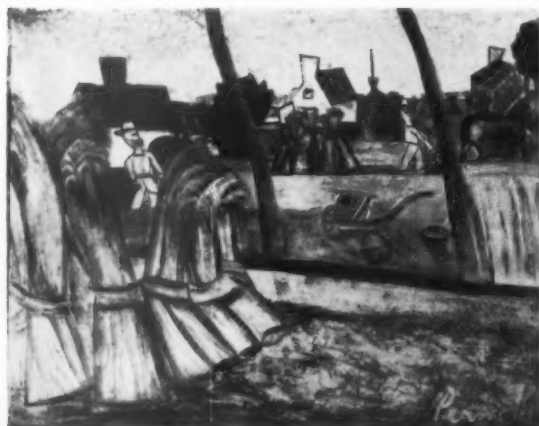
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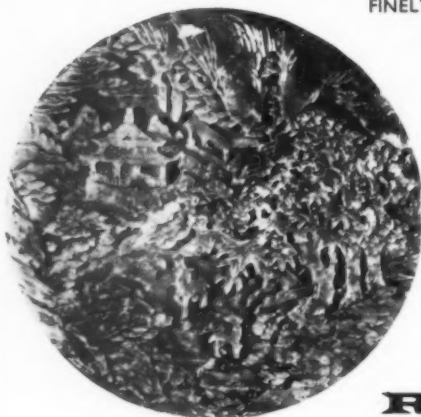
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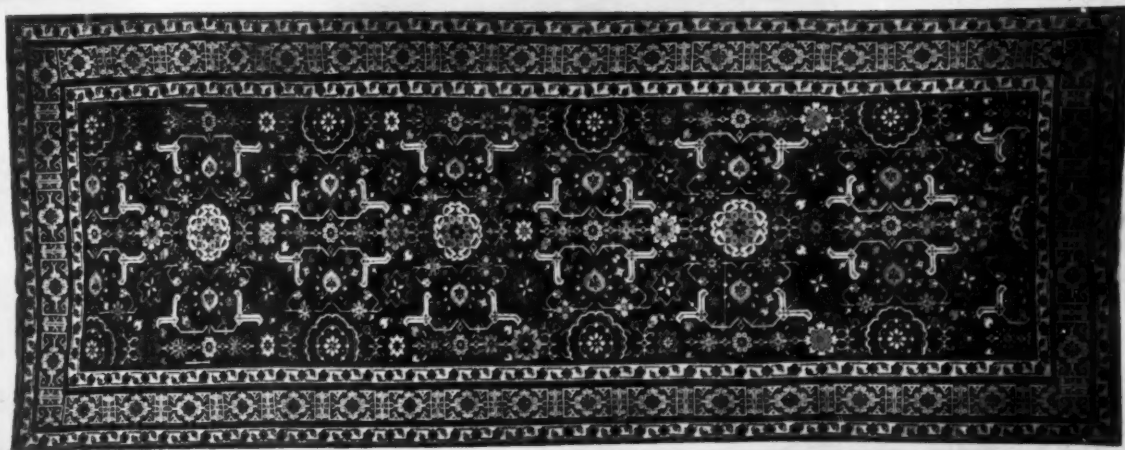
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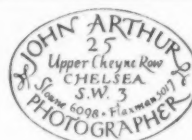
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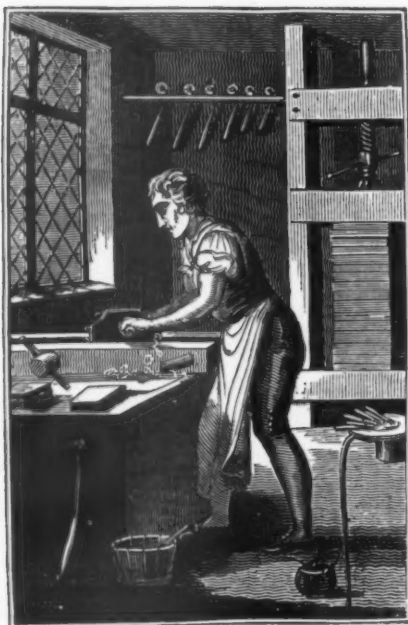
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Reproduced:
Geiger, Plate 20.

APOLLO

THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS' ASSOCIATION



are his glue pot and paste-tub ; behind him are his tools for gilding ; and on his right is the press for bringing the books into the least possible compass. In London, the business of gilding the leaves of books is a separate employment, and it is done before the boards of the book are covered with the leather. (From "The Book of English Trades and Library of the Useful Arts," published in 1823.)

THE BOOK-BINDER. Book-binding is the art of sewing together the sheets of a book and securing them with a back and side boards. Binding is distinguished from stitching, which is merely sewing leaves, without bands or backs ; and from half-binding, which consists in securing the back only with leather, the pasteboard sides being covered with blue or marbled paper ; whereas, in binding, both back and sides are covered with leather. At what time the art of Book-binding was first invented it is impossible to ascertain ; but Phillatius, a learned Athenian, was the first who pointed out the use of a particular kind of glue for fastening the leaves of a book together ; an invention which his countrymen thought of such importance as to entitle him to a statue. The most ancient mode of binding consisted in gluing the different leaves together and attaching them to cylinders of wood, round which they were rolled. This is called Egyptian binding ; and continued to be practised long after the age of Augustus. It is now wholly disused, except in oriental countries, and in Jewish Synagogues, where they still continue to write books of the law on slips of vellum sewed together, so as to form only one long page, with a roller at each extremity, furnished with clasps of gold or silver. The square form of binding which is now universally practised, at least in Europe, is said to have been first invented by one of the kings of Pergamus, the same to whom we owe the invention of parchment. Modern or square binding is of two kinds : the one particularly adapted to printed books where leather forms the general covering, and the other more immediately applied to account books, where parchment or vellum is made use of as the outside covering. In the plate the man is represented in the act of cutting the leaves of the book ; on his right, on the floor,

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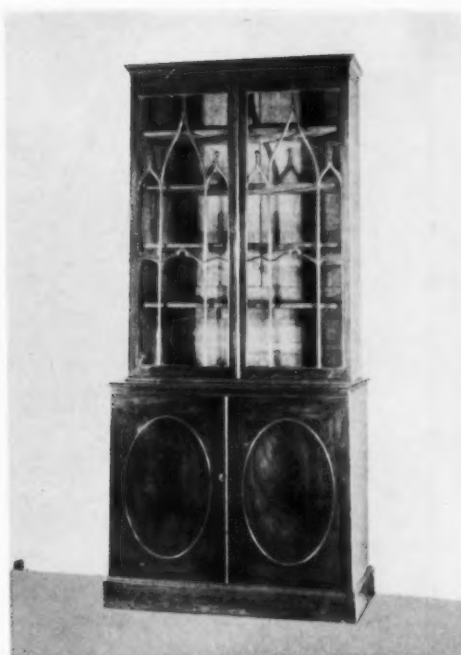
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APOLLO



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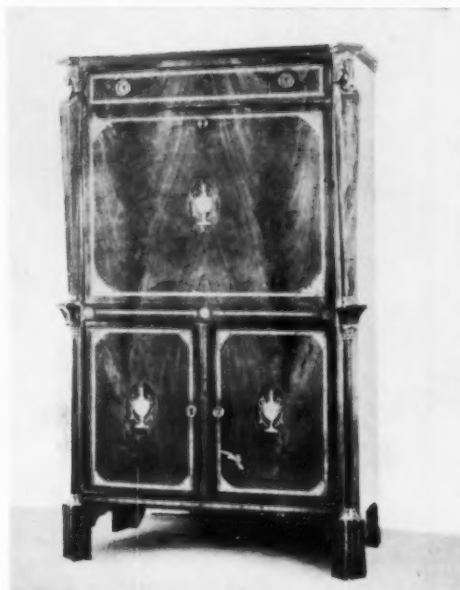
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EDITOR: WM. JENNINGS

*The Magazine of the Arts for Connoisseurs
and Collectors*

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

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The Editor welcomes articles and photographs and correspondence on Art and Collector topics interesting to Collectors and Art Lovers. The subjects include paintings, prints, silver, furniture, ceramics, fire-arms, miniatures, glass, pewter, jade, sculpture, etc., Occidental and Oriental. Articles should be sent to the Editor, APOLLO, 10, Vigo St., London, W.1.

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APOLLO



JAN CORNELISZ VERSPRONCK

Portrait of a Young Man. Canvas, 31 in. x 25 in.

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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

A MATTER OF TASTE

BY PERSPEX

THE second phase of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition opens with their show of "English Taste in the Eighteenth Century." On this occasion it is not basically an exhibition of pictures at all, but one of the whole lavish environment with which the Man of Taste (and of the very considerable wealth which poured into Britain during the century which saw our rise to pre-eminence in world affairs) was able to create for himself. The great house built or rebuilt by famous architects, preferably by the Adam brothers; the landscape park created by Capability Brown or one of his kind; the furniture by such splendid cabinet-makers as Sheraton and Hepplewhite; tapestries and carpets from the factories at Mortlake, from Axminster and elsewhere; Wedgwood's china for the table, and that from Bow, Chelsea, and the other craftsman-factories as ornaments; the silver and plate; and not least the pictures, portraits and the beginnings of pure landscape to adorn the walls: all this made an *ensemble* of a perfection unequalled in the home-making of the civilised world. The height of that century in this country was a moment of absolute culmination. The Industrial Revolution and the coming of the machine had not yet laid half England waste and ruined the standard of personal craftsmanship. The population was such as the country could comfortably maintain on its still predominantly agricultural economy. The towns were small and set in the midst of an unspoiled countryside; and even in the lives of the ordinary folk the few possessions were themselves things of individual craftsmanship and are now sought-for treasures. One does not under-estimate the drawbacks of the dirt and vice of the age, of the inconveniences and discomforts of a period before science had been applied in so many directions. But for the wealthier classes it must have been a wonderful time to live in; and this exhibition at the Royal Academy represents the repercussion upon our arts and crafts of the consciousness of beauty in human surroundings which marked those halcyon days. The theme is notoriously the King Charles's head to Prof. Richardson, the President of the R.A., and therefore rightly marks his year of office. The furniture is likely to run away with the show, so splendid is it; and on this occasion the pictures are there either simply as decorations in their correct setting or to emphasise the trends of the taste of the time. The Chinoiserie, which caused Chambers to set up his Chinese pagoda in the royal gardens at Kew, and which so influenced the shapes in furniture and the design of wallpapers and much else, is emphasised. Despite this Chinoiserie and the echoes of the French taste established by Louis XIV at Versailles, and the Italian modes picked up by the young milords on the Grand Tour, there is evidenced at Burlington House that Englishness of English Art to which the Reith Lectures have been this year devoted. It is amusing to remember that Burlington House itself, the creation of Lord Burlington at the time, was a centre of controversy as to correct taste, and was attacked on this score by the pro-English party. His lordship's ghost will feel at home again in the galleries among the exquisite furniture and furnishings of his period.

This XVIIIth century finds interesting echoes at the Autumn Exhibition of Old Masters at Agnew's, where the most striking, if not the most valuable, picture is Francis Hayman's "The Game of Quadrille," originally one of the decorations for the Supper Boxes at Vauxhall Gardens. This



GYPSIES' REPAST.

T. GAINSBOROUGH

Arthur Tooth Gallery

Perspex's choice for the Picture of the Month.

shows an elegant interior scene with a card-playing group of half a dozen fine folk to whom tea is about to be served by a maid and a black page boy. A glimpse of the period: interior decoration, furniture, costume, manners. Many of these decorations are in existence (legend says there were fifty of them, one in each Supper Box): two are at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It would be interesting to have an exhibition of all those available. The great age is also represented at Agnew's by two Gainsborough portraits, one a delightful small canvas from the Ipswich period; by Raeburn and Romney portraits; by Monamy and Brooking marine paintings; and by one of those quiescent Stubbs tigers which look as though they are half-way to becoming a rug. In the Agnew picture another tiger strays into the Rocky Landscape, but I wondered a little whether this one really came from Stubbs' brush. A stormy Constable compensated for this rather dull picture.

Among the Italian masters showing are two important cassone panels on the subject of Achilles, painted by Bartolommeo di Giovanni; delightful, as it were, strip cartoons of the XVth century which tell several incidents of the story in one picture. There is a charming naïveté in these works, a breath of the early world. There is also "A Young Man Drinking" by Girolamo Savoldo, an artist who was deservedly of high repute during last century and who is well represented in the National Gallery. It has the slightly dreamy romantic note of Venetian painting, the gift of Giorgione to all who came in the least under his influence as

Savoldo did. The picture was originally in the Borghese Palace. This exhibition at Agnew's merits its title of "Fine Pictures by Old Masters."

We are back in XVIIIth-century England at the exhibition of Recent Acquisitions at Tooth's, for the thrill of the show is Gainsborough's highly romantic "Gypsies' Repast." The picture, sold in the Trant Collection in 1832, has since been missing. Its reappearance is a definite addition to our knowledge of Gainsborough's art, for in this capriccio of a group of gypsies gathered round their fire against the Gothic walls of a church, golden in colour, thinly painted, sketchy in its style, we have the artist's fancy freed from the representation of actual persons or landscape. It is poetry, it points to the romantic revival, and in its impressionism and lighting stands at the poles asunder from the hard factualness of the early Ipswich style. Well might Reynolds talk of Gainsborough's "fancy pictures" in face of this. Morland's "Paying the Ostler," which was included in the Tate exhibition last year, fine though it is, looks prosaic beside this lyrical piece.

Francis Hayman is here again with "A Family Group," a conversation piece in his happiest vein; and the landscape of the century finds expression with a Wilson, here called "Evening," though one cannot imagine Wilson himself giving such a title.

With the XIXth century France takes over at this exhibition. Corot with, among others, "Le Berger Italien," painted in 1848; two magnificent Monet landscapes; and so to a doubtless important but to me quite repulsive Renoir, "La Source" where Gabrielle, that children's nurse in the Renoir household, who, to quote the catalogue, "met the master's basic condition for employment in his household: that she have a skin that 'takes the light'," is here taking the light like anything. She wears a slightly irrelevant hat, carries a staff, and looks singularly uncomfortable as she pretends to be "La Source." *Piquante*, perhaps. My apologies that I cannot remain serious in face of this picture. It is, as I say, immensely important, valuable, and typical Renoir; but neither Renoir nor Gabrielle are my type. In more chaste mood there are some highly cerebral Post-Impressionist works: Braque well represented by two abstracts, and Utrillo, whose death recently has taken yet another of the French Masters from us, by a painting, "Rue a Sannois, 1912," at the height of his "White Period."

A very impressive exhibition devoted entirely to the French Masters of the XIXth and XXth centuries is being held at the Marlborough Gallery. No fewer than eighty-one works are on show, and stretching as they do from Corot to Picasso, they form almost a complete anthology of the painting of the rapidly changing French School over a century and a half. Corot himself is represented by a very large figure subject, "Le secret de l'Amour," where a cupid whispers into the ear of a girl who lies on a river bank. The Impressionists are finely represented, the Sisleys being outstanding. The whole exhibition is of intense interest, and at whichever point we touch the French art of this exciting period we are likely to find typical examples in this show. Delacroix' highly romantic "Hamlet et Horatio au Cimetière," a curious example of his Romanticism, stands at the beginning of the period, and such a recent Picasso drawing as his "Model and Clown" at the end.

A smaller, but exceedingly good, collection of French Masters of this same time is on show at the Lefevre Gallery. Here, and at the Marlborough also, the work of Camille Pissarro gives us that quality of solidity which the coming of Impressionism jeopardised. "La Bords de la Marne" at the Lefevre and two other fine canvases by him have that satisfying sense of permanence in structure which Cézanne tried to bring back in his own manner. The later "Brouillard à Eragny" at the Marlborough shows him captured by Impressionism, though he never entirely capitulated. In the Lefevre exhibition one can see his hand stretched backwards to the earnest realism of Courbet, whose "Wooded Landscape," painted in 1865, is showing there—its rocks and trees

terrifyingly material and the heavy leafage blotting out anything so transitory as the changing light of the sky.

Meantime, a retrospective exhibition of Lucien's work is on show at the O'Hana Gallery. Largely as a result of his settling in England and accepting the topographicality of English painting, he achieved an artistic personality distinct from that of his father. His work is more feminine in its charm. His consistent use of a canvas of one size, of a regular palette and tone quality, of a divisionist technique, gives his paintings the feeling of a formula. A number of them together cancel each other out; but each in isolation has his personal charm. The slight water-colours and drawings, sometimes of the figure in *conté* and chalks, are especially fresh and delightful.

This note of the spontaneous freshness of English water-colour finds its perfect expression in the exhibition of Edward Seago's water-colours at Colnaghi's. At times he risks their being too slight, depending too much on the frail support of an immediate expression in this difficult medium. That he has a brilliant command of it, and dares to trust it fully, is at once his virtue and his—dare one say?—shortcoming. When the subject itself is right for this treatment, as in the superb instance of his "Early Morning, Breydon Water," a dream of light and air and forms which for all their slightness are perfectly defined, we have a lyrical perfection. His treatment of moving crowds, with each figure simply suggested yet satisfying, is a model for those artists who depict Britain as an uninhabited island. This year he has been discovering the Thames, which answers his need of silvery sky and water; and the result is delightful.

Back at O'Hana, Lucien Pissarro's exhibition is accompanied by one, chiefly of portraits, by that lively veteran Joseph Oppenheimer. He manages to keep his subjects tremendously alive, and never loses the impulse of the first sketch. His Impressionist manner makes you aware of the paint and the painter, though he retains the likeness and personality of the sitter. There are moments when one asks for more body in these bodies.

A visit to the R.O.I. Galleries and the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, where Oppenheimer is showing more portraits than anybody else—no fewer than eight out of the six permitted!—justifies the rightness of his method. This may be reaction from the rest. "O that this all too solid flesh would melt": Hamlet's prayer finds an echo as we view this enormous show. However, we go to the R.P.S. precisely for this solid academic, this aldermanic, duchessish, board-roomate and the begowned scholastic. We get it in full measure. The show this year is amazingly competent in this manner. The earnest critic in search of pure aesthetics will share the look of near-agony worn by John Minton in a sad little self-portrait. The obscurantist artist will foam with rage as he thinks of the thousands of guineas which have flowed from sitter to painter in this vast concourse of the comfortable. But the R.P.s will go their primrose path; the Private View will continue to be a solid block of Everybody-who-is-Anybody; and this confident, academic representation will go on being the idea of portraiture of those who can afford the terrifying luxury of being portrayed.

The "other half Rome" will find its satisfaction at the Leicester Gallery, where Henry Moore's latest sculptures stand at furthest remove from any cloying sweetness. The enormous "Upright Exterior and Interior Forms" carved in elm, or the vast bronze "Reclining Exterior Form" are the apotheosis of Moore's art and method. I did find the sinister bronze "Helmet" repulsively ugly, and these vast abstract shapes to me gain nothing by their enormity. In the Moore cult I am a heretic, however, and have seldom seen anything more than ingenuity in his sculpture. In the adjoining room Merlyn Evans's semi-abstract interpretations of figures in movement, including some of Kabuki dancers I found exciting and significant. Let me confess that I enjoy myself more in exhibitions where nature is given more play. In the last resort it is all a question of Taste, so unified in the XVIIIth century so diversified in our own.

VIEWS and NEWS of ART in AMERICA

By Professor ERIK LARSEN, Litt.D., M.A.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Canvas 57 in. x 73 in.

Central Picture Galleries, New York.



THE Comédie Française has just made its New York début, and in order to celebrate the event, which brought us a whiff of French *esprit*, culture and theatrical know-how, the Metropolitan Museum has organised an exhibition entitled "The Comédie Française and the Theater in France". The overwhelming majority of items shown belong to the French company, augmented as they were by works lent from the New York collections.

Theatrical tradition goes back a long way in France, and when Louis XIV founded the Comédie Française in Paris he thereby granted a virtual monopoly to two rival troupes thus united by royal decree. Ever since, the company remained a State-supported institution, though maintaining, nevertheless, a high degree of independence.

The first outstanding object of the exhibition is Molière's portrait by Pierre Mignard. Author, actor and director, Molière fashioned the Royal Theatre to his personal taste; he left a permanent mark upon the Comédie's performance, and even to-day such plays as the *Bourgeois-Gentilhomme* and the *Malade Imaginaire* are rendered according to the tradition set by him. It is therefore rather touching to see in the show the very nightcap worn by him only a few hours before his death, when acting in the *Malade Imaginaire*.

For more than three centuries, the players of the Comédie Française have taken pride in their own history, and assembled in their theatre in Paris a large collection of painting, sculpture, prints, costumes and treasured souvenirs that reflect the vivid history of the company. The famous Talma appears twice; once painted by Jacques Louis David in the most rigid classicist fashion, and then again, as seen through the eye of that great romanticist, Eugène Delacroix. Mademoiselle Duclos, the outstanding tragedienne, had her portrait done by Largillière, while the actor Baron saw his likeness perpetuated through the skilful brush of De Troy. Past and present are fused in the show. Mesdemoiselles Mars and Rachel were painted by anonymous artists; Madame Bartet by Dagnan-Bouveret, Jeanne Samary by Renoir; and to Parrot we owe a full-length canvas of the immortal Sarah Bernhardt.

Besides the participants, the theatre *per se* aroused painterly interest, and a whole group of French artists drew inspiration from that source. Examples on exhibit comprise Watteau's "Le Mezzetin," both the painting and a drawing of the same subject, and Degas' rendering of a performance of "Le Ballet de Robert le Diable."

State jewellery, properties and costumes worn by famous players round out the fascinating show. There are, e.g., two costumes from Molière's classic *Le Bourgeois-Gentilhomme*, with which, by the way, the Comédie Française made its bow in New York, and three for women and two for men from Victor Hugo's *Ernani*. A series of water-colours, including designs for costumes and scenery, bear witness to the sparkling liveliness of the French theatre.

In keeping with the season's spirit, the Central Picture Galleries plan to exhibit during December a huge, hitherto

unknown canvas by Sir Anthony van Dyck, representing "The Adoration of the Magi" (see Illus.). This writer was graciously afforded a preview thereof, for the benefit of the readers of APOLLO. The composition of the painting is calm and dignified, permeated with the same kind of poetry admixed to Northern realism that distinguishes the Madonna "Il Presepio" at the Palazzo Corsini, Rome; contrasting happily with the hectic search for movement that characterises subsequent works. It is, by the way, the relatively static Van Dyckian conception that Gaspar de Crayer was to adopt as model for his numerous altar pieces and other religious paintings. Here, Venetian influences come to the fore in the choice of types, and in the gamut of colours that are tuned to pastel shades featuring red, yellow, green and mauve tonalities. Accidentally, a reversion to Rubensian prototypes becomes apparent, as in the case of the kneeling king, but figures like the Madonna and Child are clearly derived from Titian. It seems quite remarkable that whereas Van Dyck painted several times the "Adoration of the Shepherds," no other "Adoration of the Kings" has come to light as yet, excepting the later sketch from the collection of the Earl Spencer, Althorp (first published by Professor E. K. Waterhouse, the *Burlington Magazine*, March, 1947, pl. opp. p. 78; drawings to be studied in this connection are extant at the British Museum and at the Musée de Besançon) in which several of the personages recur. Style and palette of the exciting new painting point clearly to the master's Italian sojourn; furthermore, documentary evidence seems to bear out the conclusion reached by way of connoisseurship. In his *Geschiedenis der Antwerpsche Schilderschool*, F. Jos. van den Branden writes (p. 709) that Van Dyck was, during his stay in Rome, in 1623, a guest at the house of Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio. Besides the portrait of his host (Galleria Pitti, Florence) the young artist did there, according to the Flemish archivist, a "Passion of Christ," an "Annunciation," a "Resurrection of Christ," and an "Adoration of the Kings." It would appear most tempting to identify the New York canvas with the one painted by the young master in the Eternal City.

The Whitney Museum has staged a large retrospective of the works of the late Reginald Marsh, which, after it closes here in New York, is to go on a year-long tour of museums across the country. The one-man exhibit shows the artist as an extraordinary draughtsman, and basically an illustrator who looked to New York and its varied aspects to provide him with subjects. He was enamoured with the city and its ever-changing people; with masses and their moods and movements, though never with individuality. Shoppers ensconced below his 14th Street studio; near-naked bathers swarming over Coney Island beach; or puppet-like, gawking audiences at burlesque shows excited his *verve*, aroused the fertile brushes to pitiless, Hogarthian interpretations. Ever misanthropic and pessimistic, Reginald Marsh was one of our great craftsmen; a painter who at the time of his premature death had perhaps just reached the point where he might have overcome the boundaries that separate the technician from the truly inspired and sensitive artist.

TADE STYKA

BY M. L. D'OTRANGE-MASTAI



Fig. I. Self Portrait with Palette (1913).

TADE STYKA.

ON May 16th, 1906, the following report appeared in the *London Evening Standard*: "A MASTER AT SIXTEEN—Wonderful Pictures by a French Boy—The President's Surprise—(From our own correspondent). Paris, Thursday: There is a picture in the Salon des Artistes Français which has created a considerable sensation here in Paris. The subject is Prometheus, and the painter a boy of sixteen named Tade Styka, the son of Jan Styka, who is perhaps best known for his wonderful series of paintings based on the *Quo Vadis?* of Sienkiewicz.

When President Fallières inaugurated the Salon, he was particularly attracted by the "Prometheus," and asked to be introduced to the painter. He was a little bit surprised when a boy of sixteen, small for his age, but with the repose and assurance of a man, stepped up to him, shook hands, and expressed his pleasure at the official recognition which his work had received.

"I suppose," said Tade Styka to the President of the Republic, "that you want me to draw something under your own eyes. Most people do." And when the President smiled assent the lad produced in a few moments a wonderful crayon portrait of the President himself.

"The boy's reason for supposing that

the President would want to see him at work was an incident which occurred five years ago when he was only eleven. Tade sent a few drawings to the children's exhibition at the Petit Palais, and the work in these drawings appeared so mature to the committee that they sent for the lad, and, knowing him to be the son of an artist, suggested that he might do a drawing for them from nature there and then.

"M. Jan Styka was a great friend of Henner, and Tade was anxious to study under the master's tuition. 'I should be proud to teach you,' said the old painter, 'for your gifts are remarkable. But there is very little, if anything, left for me to teach you.' . . ."

Young prodigies do not always live up to early promises, but Tade Styka went on to become far more than merely a brilliant technician: one of the most thoughtful visual interpreters of his times.¹ But although biographical data can be procured easily enough from various sources, it has not yet been complemented by a serious reasoned appreciation. When this is undertaken, not only the character of the artist, who believed much in doing and very little in theorising, but also the circumstances of his personal life will be of essential significance. These circumstances were marked by the unusual aspect that his world was from the start the world of wealth, elegance and success: a fact for which he was at times to be asked rather harsh accounting by acrimonious critics. Yet the choice of his sitters, and the resulting bent of his style, was not motivated by a conscious denial of the more sober and usual aspects of life. Simply and naturally, it was inclined by intimate personal associations from childhood upwards.

Tade Styka was born at Kielce, Poland, on April 13th, 1889, and was recognised as a child prodigy in the familial circle at so tender an age that he can be supposed to have been born holding a brush. Following his formal public debut at

¹ And his times, because of the extraordinarily early start of his career, bridge over two centuries. He managed, in fact, to crowd a career of well upwards of a half-century in a total life span of sixty-five years, and was privileged to record not one, but three epochs: that of his father's contemporaries, his own, and the present.



Fig. II. Icarus (1909).

TADE STYKA.

TADE STYKA



Fig. III. PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FATHER, JAN STYKA

APOLLO

the age of fourteen, with a "Portrait of Tolstoy" at the *Salon* of 1903, the offerings of the lad in knee breeches who exposed side by side with his father and master, the eminent historical painter, Jan Styka, were, in 1904 and 1905 respectively, a "Portrait of my Father," and a "Portrait of Henner" (now at the Mulhouse Museum).

After every doubt as to the authenticity of his precocious talent had vanished, Tade Styka still remained subjected to the strictest observation of specialists—now, with a purpose to attempt, if possible, the explanation of the pheno-

menon. In 1909, the famed psychologist, Alfred Binet, devoted a serious study in *L'Année Psychologique* to: "Le Mystère de la Peinture—La Psychologie Artistique de Tade Styka." In connection with this, the young artist underwent many tests over a period of two years, of which the most interesting was suggested by him: he offered to paint a portrait in front of the savant, preferably to answer the tedious questions. Already, then, he affirmed his abhorrence of futile dissertations, and his wish to be judged solely by his works. The psychologist necessarily reached the conclusion that Styka did not belong to the "type verbal," which indeed confirmed his earlier observations on a number of visual artists of the difficulties they generally encounter in attempting to define and rationalise their motives in the act of artistic creation.² One recalls the statement of Carlyle: "Manufacture is intelligible and trivial: Creation is great and cannot be understood. Thus if the Debator or Demonstrator, whom we may rank as the lowest of thinkers, knows what he has done and how he did it, the Artist whom we rank as the highest knows not; must speak of Inspiration, and in one or the other dialect, call his work the gift of a divinity."

But explained or unexplained, the fact was there, plain for all to see, and the polemist, Louis de Rochefort, proclaimed it in a sensational article in *La Patrie* (February 25th, 1912), of which the following are translated excerpts:

"I count in my life two great satisfactions: the first is

to have appreciated Corot at a time when he met only with rebuffs; the second, to have upheld Millet when his works were refused at the *Salon*, and to have waged war in his behalf against the critics who derided him in their columns. At that time, I wrote 'the works of this great artist, now despised, will some day be worth fortunes.' It must now be admitted that my predictions have come true. Now again, I venture another: I predict that the reputation of Tade Styka will soar to prodigious heights. He is already counted a master; he may come to rank as the greatest of them all."

The enthusiasm of Rochefort was not mere rhetoric, but was based on solid grounds of observation and connoisseurship. The portraits of Flammarion (Fig. V, painted 1908), of Chanoine Caron (Fig. IV, painted 1915), of Jan Styka (Fig. III, painted 1920) and of Professor Zielinski (Figs. VI and VII, painted 1935) excite first of all admiration for the magistral sureness of execution, the bravura and brilliance—but beyond this, transcending the purely pictorial appeal, which is merely a means to an end, comes the full realisation of the message carried over to us in the splendid idiom. These are great characters, great minds: Flammarion, the astronomer, flamboyant and prophetic, seeming with his avid and proud eagle gaze to search the limitless sky for still one more star; Chanoine Caron, towering like a dark column of immovable faith, yet bending a searching look into the soul of man to find there a lost star, sunk deep; Jan Styka, the very incarnation of lordliness, in the exalted sense of the word, *magni nominis umbra*, whose star was the radiant cross of ancient chivalry; and Zielinski, the philologist, depicted in noble Homeric peace as secure in his belief that the calm light of Hellas shone brighter than any star, in perfect truth and beauty.

But think: this astounding mastery of technique, this even more astounding psychological

Fig. IV. Chanoine Caron (1915).

TADE STYKA.

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² At the other end of the scale, Mark Twain, the "type verbal" in all its perfection, avowed a total incapacity to visualise faces of the absent, even of members of his immediate family.



Fig. V. Camille Flammarion (1908).

TADE STYKA.

insight were not the life fruits of a mature man. They were the spontaneous, deep-welling expression of a boy in his teens. The splendid Flammarion portrait, painted when Styka was in his eighteenth year, represents the work of exactly two hours! Still more wonderful, perhaps, the exquisite portrait of the Baroness O. de K., executed

Fig. VI. Professor Zielinski (1935).

TADE STYKA.

(Exhibited at The Detroit Institute of Art, 1945)



in the following year—Styka having then reached the ripe old age of nineteen—is the very epitome of feminine grace and worldly sophistication: the very things one would expect to be a mystery and a baffling obstacle to an adolescent, however genial. Yet the young Tade Styka could portray these extremes: the granite strength of a thinker, the frail blooming grace of an elegante, because his own large nature was able to compass all this, even at so early a date.

In final analysis, of course, in all these, and most of all necessarily in the noble portrait of his father, it is himself whom Styka has portrayed for us. This artistic transference is a truism, and yet it is also a paradox that while we acknowledge it freely in the works of the old masters, we seldom see it in the works of contemporary artists. We admit that Rubens, Goya, Rembrandt, Renoir, etc., did not merely depict the world they show us. They were, in a literal sense, its creators, while at the same time remaining unimpeachably faithful recorders. No doubt, their contemporaries also did not understand how much would have remained *unseen* if the great artist of the age had not lifted the veil and lighted the scene.

Styka said once, in tribute of gratitude to his father and to Henner, that from the one he had learnt the love of form, from the other the love of luminous flesh. He searched for and loved these in all living things. It is well known that while the mediocre practitioners carefully avoid the portraying of animals where reality faces them totally shorn of the merciful trappings of convention, all-powerful artists, on the contrary, have been great animalists, welcoming that final test of their powers. Tade Styka was no exception to that rule: he has been called the Barye of painting for his wonderful savage studies of great feral beasts, but he excelled equally in renderings of domestic animals. [His studies of lions or cats (for the latter, see Fig. IX, "Les Chats" in the Nice Museum) demonstrate this exact equilibrium of his powers.] It may be that in this sympathy with animal life he revealed his truest self. Beyond the delicate grace³ that captivated him for a while, his allegiance was to life in all its magnificent, merciless, gaudy splendour. He loved strength, energy, abundance, with a passion that was both sensuous and intellectual. In animal life alone did he find it in perfect fullness. This sympathy is obvious even in his earliest sketches; it is never

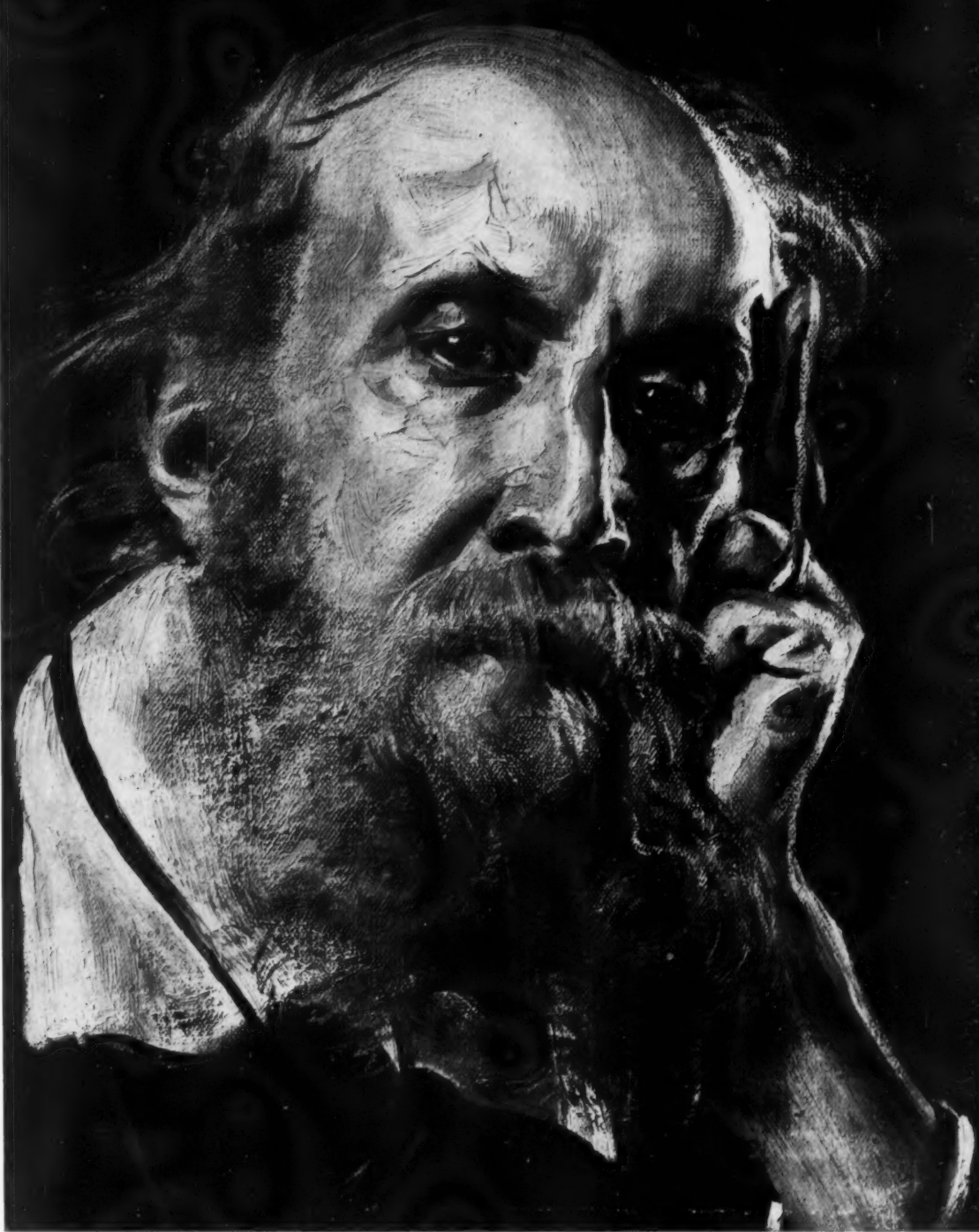


Fig. VII. Professor Zielinski. Detail of Fig. VI.

TADE STYKA.

absent from then on, even if revealed only by the unparalleled mastery with which a bit of fur on a costume is rendered in a portrait. In an early self-portrait, Styka has depicted himself wearing one of those monstrous, shaggy fur cloaks as were then thought essential accoutrement to the daring sport of "motoring." The face is treated with delicate precision (a critic compared it with the works of the master of the early Italian Renaissance), but the cloak is painted with

³ The luminosity of colouring in the flesh tones, the subtlety of tonal gradations in the early works, and particularly, of course, in the feminine portraits, could elicit from even so prosaic an observer as the psychologist Binet the following tribute: "The new sensation for which we are indebted to Tade Styka is this, that he shows us the flesh under an hitherto unknown aspect. Expressed in the luminous impasto of Correggio and Henner, it is nevertheless a far subtler and more spiritual evocation. If we can picture the purity of snow magically imbued with the pulse and glow of living flesh, this image yet hardly renders all that we are made to feel by this representation which by its fluidity, its rarefied and intellectualised character induces rather to reverie than to positive thought."



Fig. VIII. Baronne O. de K. (1909).

TADE STYKA.

reckless abandon and bravura: each tuft of fur seeming still to bristle with powerful vitality, as if the boy, like a young Tarzan, were not garbed in pelts, but surrounded and hidden by the living bodies of the great beasts he loved so well.

On personal contact with Tade Styka, one was bound, sooner or later, to experience the feeling that he was the spiritual exile of another and a greater age. Beneath his large, warm kindness, which was of the heart, there was a melancholy of the spirit, a shade of impatient, unresigned indignation—never expressed—as of a banished monarch or a caged lion. Mediocrity and meanness he could not and would not understand. In his early manhood, he chose to paint mythological scenes because the nobility of the subjects gave him free rein. His "Prometheus" (in the Mulhouse Museum, painted 1906), his "Icarus" (Fig. II, painted 1909), his "Orpheus charming the Wild Beasts" present his visions of the perfect beauty of ideal man framed in the perfect beauty of eternal Nature. These scenes are lyric poems of golden sonority. We can well imagine a potentate of the Renaissance commissioning Styka to execute a series of such on the walls of his palace. A Medici or a Visconti would have demanded this, compelled it if necessary, innocent of any philanthropic stirrings and with no thought but of his own delight, with the possessive passion



Fig. IX. Les Chats (1908). Musée de Nice (France). TADE STYKA.

of a lover. Such "selfishness" was the living spirit of art patronage, of which we now have only the letter. We do not often give credit to the despots of the Renaissance for this, possibly their only virtue, that they did not think that their own image solely was worth recording.

There was no Mæcenas, no merchant prince, no Grand Monarque, to commission Styka, to set him entirely free to fulfil some great task worthy of his talent. We must be content instead with the wonderful series of portraits,

Fig. X. Mace, Tankard and Medals (1946).

TADE STYKA.



of which a few are illustrated here, and some other easel works: landscapes, interiors, *natures mortes*. But all this, impressive for any man, was yet too small for an artist so extraordinarily gifted. A case could be made here against our age. What is wonderful and admirable in the art of Tade Styka is his own; what with our truer self we must condemn is ours, the reflection of our folly and shallowness. This all-important difference is yet the one that critics as a body did not make sufficiently clear either to themselves or to their public. The dazzlingly brilliant technique has too often been thought to be the whole man. What an error. It was merely the precious, jewel-incrusted scabbard for a blade murderously keen. One French critic, early in the career of Tade Styka, qualified his technique as "*cette politesse de metier, cette fine aristocratie. . .*" And it was this, indeed, fundamentally, professional courtesy and dignity, rooted in integrity, that caused him to shun all exaggeration as disingenuous: the knifed-on, brutal impasto, a parody of strength, or the superimposition of glazes that is the easiest means of camouflaging the vacillations of indecision. His "*pâte*" was the good, honest medium of the old masters, ductile and luminous, lending itself as well to the finest delineations with the brush point as to the boldest sweeps. Fluid, smooth in texture, of even consistency, a flexible and obedient medium, its very appearance spoke out that it had been lovingly concocted by the good workman.

It was a memorable experience to watch Tade Styka at work during these short séances that left him exhausted, as after a fencing match, so rapid and violent were his lunges and strokes—while the sitter was hardly aware that the tediousness of posing was over almost before it had begun, and the portrait, in all essentials, was as good as finished. Styka, serious and composed, would approach his subject armed with an array of splendid brushes and holding the great palette he had designed and carved himself: a magnificent hulk of rich red mahogany wood, hollowed out and so delicately contrived that it could be balanced absolutely weightlessly in the artist's hand. What Styka's thoughts



Fig. XI. Wanda (The Daughter of the Artist) (1945). TADE STYKA.



Fig. XII. Queen Marie-José (1934). TADE STYKA.
(Formerly in the Royal Collection at the Castle of Turin)

were, as he riveted on the model the gaze of which his "Self-Portrait" (Fig. I) gives an idea, he has told us in commenting on his portrait of Paderewski: "I felt two opposite personalities in him: one, all ferocious strength, the other, all poetry and feeling. I aimed to express both. *I do not paint the mask the sitter wears, but the character beneath.*" One recalls a comment of Rochefort: "One glance, and you belong to him."

Beyond the Baroque beauty of his art—for he is the lawful heir of the great tradition—Tade Styka was, above all else, a supreme psychologist. And as he could not, being mortal, escape his share of disillusionment and bitterness, the vein of satire is found widening increasingly in his later works, but always so subtle, so elegantly veiled that the sitters never (and seldom the critics) could trace it. It can be found in varying measure in all the Styka portraits, and will some day be better analysed by some critic of the future, unhampered by restraints of courtesy to contemporaries.⁴

⁴ This element is found again in the remarkable drawings of his gifted child, about which (in the catalogue of her first exhibition, last December) I commented: "It may seem strange to mention *social satire* in connection with the product of a nine year old mind, but the fact can hardly be denied that the glamorous flowers of our age, as mirrored in the clear eyes of this baby, take the figure of rather venomous orchids. These long-legged, high-bosomed damsels with their strange sculptural "hair-dos" are at once fantastic and oddly familiar. This is our world, but because it is also the world of Wanda, who is an artist but yet still a child, the veracity and calmly cruel humour of her statements are softened by a joyous and poetic fancy."



Fig. XIII. Maurice Maeterlinck (1945)

TADE STYKA.

There is, of course, a certain group of portraits from which even this delicate irony is totally absent; it is there replaced by reverent, though ever veracious sympathy. This is the splendid series in which Styka paid tribute to a number of the great figures of our times. The Maeter-



Fig. XIV. Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt (1936).

TADE STYKA.

(On permanent exhibition at Hyde Park, New York)

linck portrait (Fig. XIII) illustrates the manner of the last period, when means had been reduced to the barest, skeletal minimum by an artist who could, if he chose, display a technique that was qualified by Jewell (of the *New York Times*) as "pyrotechnique." It was this same critic also who established a filiation between Styka and Boldini, but the bravura of Boldini is essentially pictorial—the art of Tade Styka, increasingly through the various epochs, is of mass and solidity, embodying the tri-dimensional vision of the sculptor. As indeed Styka was: the exquisite small head illustrated here (Fig. XI) of his daughter, Wanda, could stand comparison with the ravishing little "Louise Brongniard" bust by Houdon or "Alexandrine d'Etiolles" by Saly.

The union of plastic awareness of the highest order with a fully developed and reasoned philosophy of life is the rare combination out of which can come a new visual interpretation, the artist's supreme contribution. That Styka—content at first to reflect, though with utmost sensitivity, in what might be called the artistic passive mood, the beauty that came his way—at last attained to final, active eclecticism, is what can well constitute his claim to greatness. The Styka "type" exists unmistakable. Scalpel-like incisiveness of delineation, paradoxically employed to render forms of lush and sensuous abundance—the firm discipline of the thinker controlling the passionate imagination of the artist—these are its characteristics. No hesitation ever, no half-way means or niggardliness; rigidity as of metal in the underlying structure, and an over-all chromatic sonority, ranging from the piercing sweet treble tones in the feminine portraits to profound echoes of bronze in the masculine characterisations.

But the perfect golden chord was struck perhaps in the admirable portrait of the artist's wife, reproduced on



Fig. XV. Tita Ruffo, Caruso, Chaliapin (1912).

TADE STYKA.

our cover. Granted that the model offered the maximum of inspiration, yet the artist has lifted what could have been no more than another striking portrait of a beautiful woman into an epitome of all the graces and elegancies that go to form the *beau ideal* of our age.⁵ In its free and noble simplicity of form, its extraordinary beauty of colouring (the folds of the gown, for instance, glow with opaline iridescence of which the reproduction necessarily can offer only an approximation), this portrait achieves the rarest distinction of all, the quality of timelessness. With its warmth and animation, it offers a powerful contrast to the solemn portrait of *Jan Styka*, the artist's father. It is generally the rule for an artist to surpass himself in the portrayal of those he loves best and Tade Styka did so in these two characterisations, widely different in mood and technique, though they are marking posts, as it were, at the end and beginning of his long career.

A comparison spontaneously arises here with the laughing early portraits of Rembrandt's Saskia on one side, and with those, on the other side, in which he has shown us his aged father clothed in regal garb of Oriental splendour with glitter of gems and cloth-of-gold piercing the rich gloom. Apart from purely aesthetic motives, Rembrandt surely intended by means of this glorification to pay homage to the goodness and integrity that had fostered him in the person of the simple, humble old man.

Tade Styka could not, in a sense, tender as complete, as poignant a tribute to his own father. The imposing Jan Styka, himself a famous artist, had been more than a father, master and a guide in the fullest acception of these terms, to

⁵ It may not be amiss to note here that the influence of Tade Styka in shaping this ideal was far more potent and widespread than is generally known. From the early, vaporous "Styka blondes," later to be known as platinum blondes, for which he set the vogue in the Paris of the Effervescent Twenties, through a multitude of innovations and moods of fashion, Styka was very much the "arbitrator elegantiarum."



Fig. XVII. Wanda and Paddy (1940).

TADE STYKA.



Fig. XVI. Mrs. Lorraine Manville (1943).

TADE STYKA.

his two gifted sons: Tade, the object of this study, and Adam, the equally famed Orientalist painter. (The rapport between these three unusual beings was of an extraordinarily close kind, so that the young Tade could inscribe his portrait of his brother Adam: "Adam, la moitié de mon âme...").

The rich costume of Jan Styka was not, like that in which Rembrandt had garbed his father, a borrowed attire in conformance with a figment of artistic imagination; it was the actual, traditional costume of a great Polish nobleman (which Tade Styka has shown us elsewhere in portraits of Czartoryskis, Potockis, etc). Nevertheless, the essential meaning remains the same. By Styka also these trappings of earthly magnificence have been used for a two-fold purpose; first of all, to serve the inner law of the artist, leading him to his final aesthetic realisation, the harmonious and unique play of light and shadow, of form and colour—and next to this, perhaps subconsciously co-existent with it, what might be termed a symbolic purpose, a desire to translate into adequate visual terms his awareness of high spiritual values.

A HOME AND ITS TREASURES

By HORACE SHIPP

Mrs. Geoffrey Hart's Collection at Hyde Park Gardens



THE collections of works of art and craftsmanship in which Britain is still one of the richest countries in the world may derive either from a centuries-long accumulation inherited as heirlooms and family possessions, or it may be the assemblage of its present owners whose taste has combined with connoisseurship and the opportunities of wealth and leisure to create an environment: a home and its treasures. This latter method is the more rare in this country. It demands a fortuitous coming together of so many chance factors, it treads so sharp a knife-edge between the private museum and comfortable furnishing, it demands knowledge and an instinct for the right things in a score of directions. Only thus do we get a perfect synthesis which is not synthetic in the disagreeable modern sense. Most subtly of all, it must be invested with the personality of the owners and bear the hall-mark of their joy in home-making. Given these rare alchemics the magic may be performed, and we obtain the pure gold of such a collection as, say, that of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville at Polesden Lacey.

Of this rare nature is the home and collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart, now in Hyde Park Gardens but gathered largely by the late Mr. Geoffrey Hart and herself for their house, "Wych Cross," in East Sussex. Now and again the appearance of one of her pictures or pieces in an important exhibition has hinted the splendour of her collection. This year, for example, in the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy devoted to XVIIIth-century Art and Craft, her exquisite Richard Wilson painting, "View of Kew showing

THE FLEMISH ROOM. The fireplace corner showing the Elizabethan table and the XVIIth-century oak table with octagonal folding top. The pictures include the early Flemish triptych over the mantelpiece, a landscape by Herri met de Bles, and the great "Adoration" by Jacob of Amsterdam. On the table can be seen the T'ang horse, a piece of German wood sculpture, and a portrait by Antonio Moro; whilst above it on the pilasters are the English alabaster low reliefs.

the Pagoda" and several pieces of her furniture are on loan. But these things, lovely as they are in themselves, lose much of their meaning out of the context of her home. There, each room is a composite work of art made up of a host of things each beautiful in itself. Happily, and precisely because it is a home, there is no self-conscious sense of display. A chair stands where it does because a chair is needed there. It may prove on inspection to be a rare late XVIIth-century piece from some famous collection, a connoisseur's delight; but here it is functional—a chair for sitting on. There is no feeling of red cord and "please do not touch," even though these precious pieces are being given the care they merit.

An aspect closely linked with this is the infinite variety of fine things which live pleasantly together, especially in the room which Mrs. Hart calls "The Flemish Room"



in tribute to the wealth of early Flemish pictures on the walls. On an imposing Tudor table against one wall a pair of T'ang horses feel as entirely right as the great "Adoration of the Magi," by Jacob of Amsterdam, on the panelled wall above. A credence table of the XVIIth century with octagonal folding top stands against the elegant marble fireplace. This is essentially a living-room, with magazines and books strewn about, and—though this is hidden behind panels in one recess—the radio and television sets. A real living-room, lovely to live in, with a view across Hyde Park from the tall windows, and an atmosphere of solid English comfort. Is it too "busy," too crowded? Maybe; but busy people in these days inevitably have crowded rooms, and this one is throbbing with activity. It is only as one moves about it that the value and importance of practically everything here reveals itself. Each rug or carpet, every piece of furniture, every ornament, the books, the pictures: each precious part of the whole assemblage is itself a treasure.

If this room especially does feel to be a trifle too full one has to remember that the collection was largely made during the lifetime of Geoffrey Hart for their much larger home, "Wych Cross," and only comparatively recently has Mrs. Hart been able to obtain possession from the government of her town house where it now is. Some things had to be sacrificed for the sake of space, and others may still be in positions and juxtapositions a little short of the ideal. Yet, as we have said, even this has its compensation in the air of unconsciousness with which the host of precious things are lavishly distributed through the house.

Before we leave this Flemish Room a word must be said of the pictures especially. Indeed, in any of Mrs. Hart's rooms the pictures are so fine that they take the eye before all else, as pictures have a way of doing because they are pure expression released from functional purpose. Filling almost all the space over the mantelpiece is a magnificent triptych in a gabled altar-frame which I would have little hesitation in ascribing to Mabuse, though the name of Herri met de Bles has been associated with it. Facing this, on the end wall, is a large panel, "Rest on the Flight into Egypt," by Joachim Patinir, which was shown in the Flemish Art Exhibition at Burlington House in 1927. As we would expect of this earliest of the pure landscapists, the figures of the Virgin and Child are set in a wide Flemish landscape with rivers and folding hills, rocks and trees. The centre of the third wall is given to Jacob of Amsterdam's great "Adoration," a mixture of Renaissance splendour

PROCESSION TO THE WEDDING. By Pieter Brueghel the Younger (1564-1638). Panel 28½ in. × 48 in. The drawing of studies for this work is also showing in the Dining Room.

and Netherlandish realism by this early XVIth-century master. Another Patinir landscape, one by Herri met de Bles, and a Lucas van Gassel, are also on these walls. Little wonder that the room takes its name from the presence of such a grouping of the rarest Flemish Masters.

An interesting collector's story is told of the Elizabethan table, one of the finest specimens of its kind. Mr. Hart bought this at the Wilson Filmer sale at East Wittering Park, Kent, but, as is almost invariable with such a piece, the two-inch thick oak planks of the top had been removed to reduce the table to the more convenient height of its supporting top. Almost immediately after the table came into the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, however, somebody who saw it said that he had noticed a door in a builder's yard in Maidstone which he felt sure had originally been part of a Tudor piece of this kind. Mr. Hart at once went to investigate and discovered that here indeed was the exactly fitting missing top of his precious table, and so became the possessor of yet another unique piece of English furniture.

His aim was to collect impeccable pieces from the XVIth to the late XVIIIth century which would show the evolution of construction and design during that long period. The earliest are naturally the most difficult to come by, and the oak pieces in this room may be said to be the starting-point for the furniture in this collection. Standing among them are some particularly fine wood sculptures, Southern German and Flemish also, and two precious English alabaster low reliefs, which fit perfectly into the surroundings.

In the adjacent dining-room the furniture is simplified almost monastically, though the noble set of twelve comfortably upholstered French arm-chairs have nothing monastic about them. It is the dark panelled walls, the enormous English refectory table, the long Italian sideboard, which give the room—at least on its off-duty occasions—a severe air. Along the length of the table two pairs of heavy silver Jacobean candlesticks and a singularly beautiful silver-gilt pot which came from the Rothschild collection relieve the severity. The exciting thing about this fine room, however, is the pictures which, with their careful



individual lighting, look wonderful against the warm, dark panelling. It is before all else a Brueghel room, for no less than eight works by Pieter Brueghel the Younger are on the walls. How gay and colourful they are, how fitting to a dining-room! Chief of them is the "Wedding Procession" over the fireplace: groups of brightly dressed figures wind their way through a wide Flemish landscape with all that verve and movement which these Brueghels brought into Flemish art. Next to this, in the recess facing the door, is another of this artist's masterpieces, his version of his father's "Peasant Wedding Feast," that delightful work with the large-scale figures seated along the festive table (placed by Pieter II out of doors, but otherwise an exact rendering of the scene which his father set in a barn-like interior in his picture now at the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna. This is balanced by a "Peasant's Dance" at the other side of the fireplace. I always feel that Pieter II is at his magnificent best in these large-scale genre works, set in the landscape of Flemish villages which he loved.

On the opposite wall, above the sideboard, a landscape by Jan Brueghel occupies the central position flanked by that extreme rarity—two uprights of genre subjects by Pieter. A fine Nicholas Maes and a characteristic Brouwer are among the pictures, so this whole room is given over to early XVIIth-century Netherlandish painting. Not the least fascinating work of art is Pieter Breughel's actual drawing of studies for the individual figures and groups in the "Wedding Procession." Mrs. Hart wisely has this precious drawing standing on an early XVIIth-century refectory table which is used as a sideboard at the end of the room, so that drawing and finished work are thus brought together in the same room. Mr. John Mitchell, who both during the lifetime of Geoffrey Hart and since has collaborated and advised

THE CHERRY SELLER. By George Morland (1763-1804). Canvas 28 in. x 36 in. One of Morland's rarer elegant works, this was painted towards the end of the century and was engraved in 1800.

on the pictures in the collection, has fascinating stories to tell of how these Brueghels, including the rare upright pictures and the drawing in this room, were tracked down, here and in America, and secured for the Hart collection.

Two particularly fine pieces of Southern German or Netherlandish wood-sculpture of angels bearing candleholders, standing at either end of the sideboard, give a final touch to this room where beautiful woodwork and richly intimate painting create a synthesis of memorable beauty.

The staircase is given over to a collection of portraits by the English School—Lely, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Hoppner, Zoffany, and others—with furniture of the same period on the landings; but, fine as these things are, we must pass them to visit, first the intimate cabinet room on the half-landing with its wealth of small Dutch Masters, and then the splendour of the drawing-room above.

One is tempted to speak of this Dutch room as the gem room. Again it has panelled walls, this time of unstained and unpolished wood which gives a warm-toned background to the host of cabinet pictures. Perhaps it were well to begin with the delightful Esaias van de Velde just inside the door, and the four rare circular little pictures by his disciple, Jan van Goyen. Esaias was, in fact, the father of this whole Dutch School of landscape with figures, and in Mrs.



Hart's intimate room there are examples of the work of many of these Dutch Masters and their Flemish confrères. A Cuyp landscape, with figures on the ice gathered around an improvised tent inn before which stands a noble white horse, reminds us how wonderfully he was to vary this theme in the Earl of Yarborough's great picture. Mrs. Hart's picture is small-scale perfection. So is her Salomon Ruysdael study of "Shipping," with its glorious and dramatic sky, a picture which came from the Junker Six collection. The miniature Van Goyens, circular in octagonal frames, are among his rarest early works; only ten pairs of such pictures were painted. There are six further Van Goyens in the room.

In this room, too, are some of the smaller pieces of the furniture, which are nevertheless among the most rare and valuable of the pieces. Geoffrey Hart was fortunate when he was collecting furniture for "Wych Cross" that the famous collection of Percival Griffiths began to be dispersed at that time, and he was able to obtain some of the finest examples from this noted source.

Naturally, the most superb examples are gathered in the drawing-room on the floor above. In the usual manner of such rooms in the great terrace houses of the West End of London this fine apartment is L-shaped, running the whole length and breadth of the house. The almost square shorter arm faces south, its three high windows commanding the prospect across the park from a higher altitude than those of the Flemish room below. The longer arm, which extends over the dining-room, runs back to windows looking out on to Hyde Park Gardens. Again as is usual, there are two fireplaces, so that virtually we have two rooms joined into one. Indeed, by an arrangement of Knole settees slightly to isolate a space by the far windows, there are almost three rooms, yet the unity is not destroyed; only a deeper

THE DRAWING ROOM. This aspect of the XVIIIth-century Drawing Room shows the Sichel Carpet, the two cabinets painted by Jan Baptist Brueghel and mounted on carved silvered bases, the Queen Anne needlework chair and one of the pair of Mortlake Tapestry chairs, the George I firescreen of gilt gesso with a panel imitating tapestry, two of the fine Georgian tables with folding tops, and a kettle-stand of the period. The "Carnarvon Castle" by Richard Wilson is over the fireplace between the wall-lights.

intimacy is created. This is certainly one of the most beautiful apartments in any private house in London.

The prevailing note is XVIIIth century, but since this is a home and not a museum it is not purist. The fine Georgian woodwork—doors, wainscot, pilasters, and cornice—came from Chesterfield House, and with the intervening wall spaces lined with a patterned grey-blue silk, give the room an immediate air of XVIIIth-century elegance. The prevailing wall-colour provides a perfect background alike for the pictures and the furniture, and a wonderful foil to the warm tones of the precious carpets. The most valuable of these—though each of them has its own beauty and importance—is one of the famous carpets of the world. This XVIth-century Sichel carpet, nearly 24 feet long and 8 feet wide, came from the Museum fur Kunst, Vienna.

The feature of this room which links its architecture, its environmental decoration with the space decoration, is the two magnificent crystal chandeliers and wall-lights.

It is in this drawing-room, as we would expect, that the most important XVIIIth-century pictures are hung. They are beautifully spaced, for let us remind ourselves again



THE VIEW OF KEW, SHOWING THE PAGODA. By Richard Wilson (1714-82). Canvas, 18½ by 28½ in. This work, now on exhibition in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, was painted in 1762 when the Pagoda was built, and was exhibited by Wilson in the Society of Artists in that year. It was also exhibited in Birmingham in 1948-9 and in the Tate Gallery in 1949.

that this is a home and the pictures are hung to embellish the available wall space, not self-consciously as works of art as they would be in an art gallery or museum. Before we consider the XVIIIth century, however, there is the magnificent Van Dyck, "Portrait of a Nobleman," with a whole wall to itself, or rather shared with a pair of splendid Queen Anne gilt gesso mirrors, patterned with shell and eagle head design. It used to be in the Earl of Amherst's collection, and later was hanging at the Home Office. Interestingly, when it was sold, during Lord Simon's term of office, Queen Mary asked that, *en route* to the sale, it should be taken to Marlborough House that she might again look at it. A glory of crimson and rich dark tones, it has a XVIIth-century opulence in the comparative quietude of this room, but its innate splendour justifies the excess. For the rest the XVIIIth century prevails. Two superb Wilsons, with an early delightful Wilson portrait of a child for full measure, are outstanding: the "Carnarvon Castle" and the "View of Kew showing the Pagoda," which is now on loan to the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. I would say that the "Carnarvon Castle" is the finer picture—one of Wilson's greatest works—but the committee of the Royal Academy saw in the other that note of Chinoiserie to which they wished to draw attention.

Another picture belonging to the very last years of the century is Morland's "The Cherry Seller." This is one of his elegant works, not a rustic one since that would not quite belong to the sophistication of this place. Again it is one of the very best of the artist's paintings, and is supported by a smaller upright conversation piece in the same vein at the far end of the room. Dominant at this end is the large Romney "Mrs. Charteris and her Children." Some of the rest of the wall-space is taken up by the pairs of XVIIIth-century mirrors.

Space does not permit in this article description of the splendid furniture and chairs. Conspicuous among the pieces are the two cabinets painted in his characteristically lavish pattern inside and out with flower studies by Jan Baptist Brueghel, and each standing on an exquisitely carved and silvered base. Equally beautiful and valuable are a pair of gilt gesso pier tables; while the supreme craftsmanship of the XVIIIth-century cabinet makers and carvers is again expressed in another pair of tables with hinged tops, and in some of the elegant candle stands, kettle stands and smaller tables. Every one of these pieces has its recognised place in the history of fine furniture, and many have a

provenance in famous collections. Nor must we forget the chairs, for one Queen Anne needlework chair is as perfect as any existing specimen, and is only equalled by the pair of arm-chairs upholstered in Mortlake tapestry which stand nearby.

Brought together in this lovely room, with its rich hangings and carpets, its elegant panelled and brocaded walls, under the lights of the great chandeliers, and surrounded by some of the finest pictures of this period, these pieces form an assemblage of absolute beauty. They tell their own mute story of taste and connoisseurship, and of the tradition of lavish collecting coming down to our own times, as, indeed, do all the treasures in this beautiful home.



One of a pair of XVIIIth-CENTURY CANDLE STANDS. Height, 3 ft. 6½ in. Now on exhibition in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition.



THE WARWICK VASE

Part I.

By N. M. PENZER

"I built a noble greenhouse, and filled it with beautiful plants. I placed in it a Vase, considered as the finest remains of Grecian art extant for size and beauty."

GEORGE GREVILLE, EARL OF WARWICK.

AS most people are aware, the so-called Warwick Vase is an enormous two-handled white marble vase to be seen in the greenhouse, or conservatory, built expressly to receive it, in the grounds of Warwick Castle. It is, however, not only the original vase at Warwick, which is so well known, but also the full-size facsimiles of it which have been made both here and abroad.

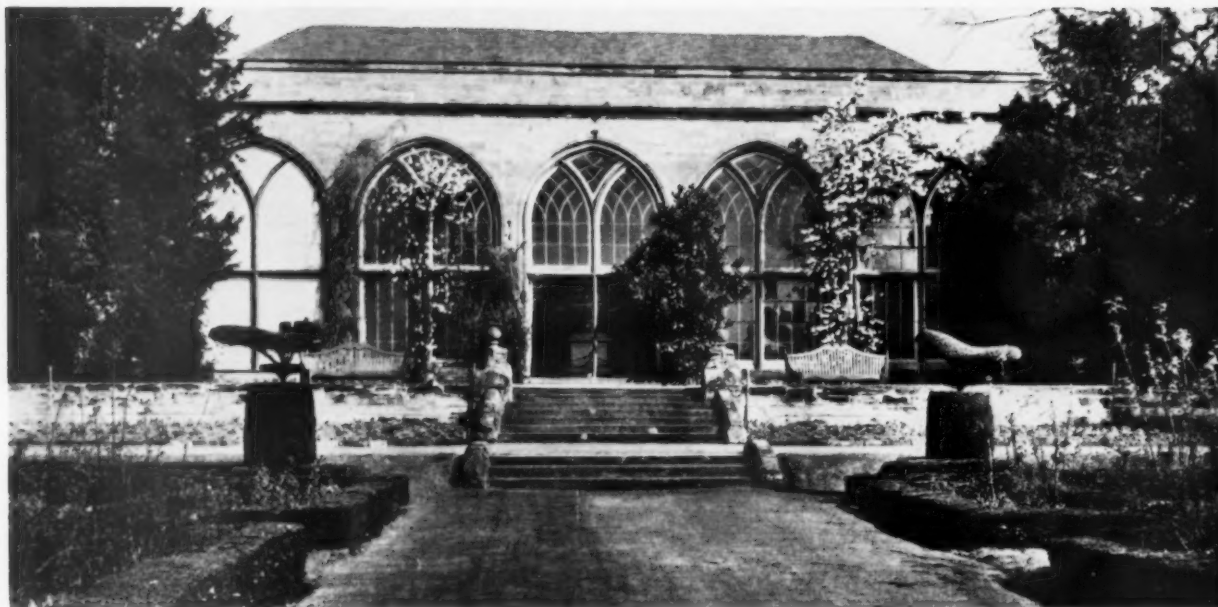
To visitors to Windsor Castle it is the great bronze vase, usually filled with geraniums, standing on the steps leading to the East Terrace garden. To Cambridge men it is the bronze vase standing on the lawn outside the Senate House—little noticed, and used only as a central point round which scarlet-gowned dons process when honorary degrees are to be awarded. It is exactly the same as the Windsor

copy, both being taken from the same moulds. Officially it is known as the Northumberland Vase, but of this more anon. To the inhabitants of Birmingham it is the painted iron vase in the grounds of Aston Hall made and presented by Edward Thomason, the local manufacturer and inventor.

To auction and museum cataloguers, however, it is little more than a recognised shape or type, based, however slightly, on the original at Warwick—whether it be in pottery, porcelain, marble, Sheffield plate or silver. With certain modifications it became a favourite model for ice-pails and centre-pieces early in the XIXth century.

One of the earliest notices of the vase occurs in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1800, and another one in Richard Warner's *Tour Through the Northern Counties of England* in 1802. Descriptions soon began to appear in such books as William Field's *Town and Castle of Warwick*, published anonymously in 1815. Guide books, such as those by H. T. Cooke, T. Rivington, T. W. Whitley, etc., soon followed.

So far no major errors had been made in the descriptions and history given, but as time went on it was apparently



The Conservatory, Warwick Castle, with the Vase to be seen through the open doors.
Circumference of vase 18 ft. 6 in., diameter 5 ft. 10 in., height 5 ft. 1 in. Capacity 163 gallons.

considered helpful if the name of some famous Greek sculptor was connected with it, and so no less a person than Lysippus of Sicyon was chosen. The fact that he was hundreds of years too early and worked almost entirely in bronze was a detail! But this was not enough, so a little romance was added by suggesting that Emma Lady Hamilton had sat for the head of the Bacchante which replaced the one that was missing. The presence of the so-called asses' ears was hard to explain, so a preposterous story was invented according to which the "Italian Sculptor" quarrelled with Lady Hamilton and added the ears for revenge! Guide-books and county histories religiously repeated this nonsense, and it is even printed (with other fantastic statements) on certain cards circulating in Warwick to-day.

In order to set the scene for the finding of the Warwick Vase we must endeavour to obtain a picture—however slight and incomplete—of the coterie responsible for the growing trade in antiques at Rome, and appreciate the scope of the business and how it was managed.

Although in the XVIIth century Lord Arundel had given the lead in being one of the first people to visit Italy purely for the study of her art treasures, it was not until the XVIIIth century that "the Grand Tour" became the necessary complement to a refined training of the younger members of English society.

The first English guide-book to art in Italy had appeared in 1722 and by its success and universal acceptance did much to stimulate interest in the subject. With its help the English "milord" could go abroad an amateur and return a connoisseur—or so it would appear when he filled his newly built country house and gardens with statuary and antiquities of all kinds. The growing interest in ancient art led to the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti in 1732, which not only published many beautifully produced works but financed expeditions in Italy, Greece and Syria. The pecuniary embarrassments of many noble families of Rome offered favourable opportunities to the traveller who wished to purchase antiques, for the Capitoline and Pio-Clementino museums could not take everything.

Naturally, with all this activity going on, the *ciceroni* were not long in making their appearance, among whom may be mentioned Francesco de' Ficoroni who, by his dealings with the English travellers in pictures and antiques, gave birth to the conviction of their inexhaustible wealth

and insatiable demands. As always, it soon became a question of supply and demand, and a regular trade in "antiques" started in real earnest. The appreciation of an untouched torso or some precious fragment of the sculptor's art was a long way off as yet, so the "restorer" had everything his own way. Milord wanted a *complete* statue or vase to take home with him, and Milord should have it! Among these men, so ready to exhibit their skill in restoring these marble cripples, the most prominent was the sculptor Bartolomeo Cavaceppi, whose work was carried out quite openly on a large and methodically conducted scale.

About 1748, James ("Athenian") Stuart and Nicholas Revett, the architect, had been joined at Rome by a small band of British artists which included Matthew Brettingham, the "Palladian" architect, and Gavin Hamilton (1730-97) the Scottish painter. It is with Hamilton that we are concerned here as to him, and to him alone, is the finding of the Warwick Vase due.

His genuine love for classical studies is clearly indicated in the subjects of the great majority of his paintings, many of which were exhibited at the Academy in 1770-78. It was doubtless this appreciation of ancient art that gave him the conscience which kept him clear of joining in the unscrupulous practices freely indulged in by so many of the Roman art dealers of his day.

Foremost among these latter was Thomas Jenkins, who had settled in Rome before 1763. An indifferent painter, he turned to banking and became the principal banker in Rome. In the course of business he met Gavin Hamilton and at once realised the enormous possibilities for profit that lay in supplying museums and private collectors with antiquities. The two entered into partnership and supplied Charles Townley, Henry Blundell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and other large collectors with sculpture, coins and antiques of all sorts. The methods of Jenkins were quite shameless, and his "restorations" as arbitrary as they were dishonest.

A third man to join the pair was that strange character Joseph Nollekens, who had reached Rome in 1760. Finding there was more money to be made in selling antiques than in making busts, he even outdid Jenkins in his nefarious practices. His method was to buy up cheaply great numbers of fragments, supply them with heads and feet as occasion demanded, stain them with tobacco-water to give them the required patina and sell them at high prices as genuine.

THE WARWICK VASE



Hadrian's Villa by Richard Wilson.
Courtesy the Tate Gallery.

When exporting busts to England he even turned smuggler and filled their hollows with silk stockings, gloves and lace! In his biography of Nollekens, John Thomas Smith, the keeper of the prints and drawings at the British Museum, represents him as saying that he got most of his money by putting antiques together. "Hamilton, and I, and Jenkins," he writes, "generally used to go shares in what we bought; and as I had to match the pieces as well as I could, and clean 'em, I had the best part of the profits. Gavin Hamilton was a good fellow, but as for Jenkins. . . ." Business flourished and Jenkins and Hamilton combed the palaces, galleries, cellars and private houses throughout Rome. They produced the material, while Nollekens, Cavaceppi, Pacetti, Piranesi and others carried out the necessary restoring and renovating.

This, then, was the state of things when Gavin Hamilton decided to try his luck in that great area of some 180 acres, fifteen miles east of Rome and two miles south-west of Tivoli (Tibur) known as the Villa Adriana, or Hadrian's Villa. This was no new idea, for since the XVIth century the ruins had yielded many of the chief treasures in the Vatican, the Capitoline and other museums. The mine seemed inexhaustible, so in 1769 Hamilton made preliminary investigations. He decided to commence operations near the Greek theatre at the northern end of the site. A little to the west (near the present entrance) was a stagnant lake, known by the name of Pantanello, which had been half drained at different times from about 1730 onwards. Previously, in 1724, it had yielded several important busts and torsos, but since that time had merely been a breeding-ground for mosquitoes. Hamilton decided to drain the lake, or swamp as it now was, completely, and then gradually work eastwards.

Having obtained permission from the owner, a man named de Angelis, the work commenced the following year. At first considerable difficulties were encountered, but



Hadrian's Villa by Richard Wilson.
Courtesy the City Art Gallery, Manchester.

ultimately the excavations were most successful, as no less than forty-five marbles were found, apart from a vast quantity of fragments, etc.

Writing to Charles Townley about his discoveries, Hamilton gives a vivid description of the workmen's difficulties: "They began at a passage to an old drain cut in the tufa, where they found an exit to the water of Pantanello, after having worked some weeks by lamp-light, and up to the knees in stinking mud full of toads, serpents and other vermin. A beginning of a cava was then made through the drain, which was filled with trunks of trees and fragments of marble . . . it is difficult to account for the contents of this place, which consisted of a vast number of trees cut down and thrown into this hole, probably from despise, as having been a part of some sacred grove, intermixed with statues, &c., all of which shared the same fate."

The lake certainly seems to have been a veritable cache, and one of the explanations offered is that the objects were thrown into it for safety towards the end of A.D. 545 when Totila (Baduila), King of the Ostrogoths, occupied Tivoli in his effort to starve Rome into surrender. Of the forty-five marbles discovered, thirteen went to the Museo Pio-Clementino, five to the Villa Albani, ten to the Marquis of Lansdowne, etc., while to Cavaliere Piranesi went "a great number of fragments of vases. . . ."

Thus we see that the future Warwick Vase is not mentioned separately. We can but conclude that it was among the fragments secured by Piranesi. In a more detailed list of the objects dug up at Pantanello made by Winnefeld, however, the vase is definitely mentioned as "Marmorschale mit bakchischen Masken"—but this was after the "restorers" had done their work!

As usual, accounts vary, some stating that the vase was "in pieces," others that it was nearly complete, but most agree that it had no foot or base, and that at least one of the heads was completely missing. We shall return to that head later. At this juncture it was necessary to find somebody who would pay for the restoration of the vase, on which, doubtless, Nollekens and Cavaceppi were only too anxious to get to work. But Hamilton's business was to sell statues and busts. An enormous marble vase, badly in need of restoration, was quite another matter.

However, there was just one man who might be interested, and that was Sir William Hamilton (1730-1803), who in 1764 had been appointed British Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of Naples. Not only was he foremost among antiquarians and collectors of the time, but had already (in 1766) bought the Porcinari collection of Greek vases. This was the beginning of his famous "museum" of vases, terracottas, bronzes, ivories, gems, coins,

etc., which he sold to the British Museum for £8,400 in 1772.

Pierre François Hugues, better known under his pseudonym as Hancarville, had written and published an account of Hamilton's collection in four magnificent volumes (Naples 1766-7). Thus his fame as a collector, his great wealth and exalted position, singled him out, in the eyes of his namesake, as the potential customer *par excellence*.

On seeing the vase—or rather, the fragments which once had been a vase—Sir William agreed to pay for its restoration, which was put in hand immediately. Although actual proof appears to be lacking, it seems highly probable that Piranesi first made sketches of the vase as it was to appear and used them for his three excellent engravings of it in his *Vasi, candelabri, cippi* . . . published at Rome in 1778, while Nolletkens started work on a marble head in place of the one that was missing. Whether Cavaceppi also helped in the restoration is unknown.

If we are to trust the account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1800 (and repeated in J. Storer's *Antiquarian Magazine and Topographical Cabinet*, Vol. I, 1807) the vase was handed in pieces to "an artist in Rome" who formed a mass of clay of its shape and dimensions, and fixing the pieces together by adhesion to the clay, united them afterwards more formally, and supplied the deficient masks. Whether it was ever the intention of Sir William to keep the vase for himself seems unlikely, for he was soon trying to sell it to the British Museum. In a letter to a Mr. Milne, quoted by C. W. Spicer in his *History of Warwick Castle*, 1844 (in P. F. Robinson's continuation of the *Vitruvius Britannicus*), his intentions are clearly indicated:

"The great marble Vase, of which I believe I gave you an account, and which was found in fragments at the bottom of a lake at Adrian's Villa, I have had restored, and Piranesi is engraving three views of it. There is nothing of the kind so beautiful, not even at Rome. It has cost me above £300 in putting it together. I mean to offer it to the Museum, paying my costs; but if they refuse it, I will not take less than £600 for it. Keep it I cannot, as I shall never have a house big enough for it."

But this time the museum did not buy, so Sir William, knowing that his nephew, George Greville, Earl of Warwick, was thoroughly renovating the castle and sparing no expense, suggested his buying the vase. This he consented to do, and having made a pedestal for it, Sir William had a long Latin inscription carved on one side giving its history and recording in no uncertain terms the part he had played in restoring it and despatching it home. As William Field rightly said in his *Town and Castle of Warwick* (p. 229), "But the inscription fails to state, as truth and justice required, that it was afterwards re-purchased by the present Earl of Warwick, and that, at his sole expence, it was conveyed to England. To him, therefore, the Lovers of the Fine Arts, in this Kingdom, are indebted for the high gratification, which so grand a display of antique sculpture, in all its perfection, must afford."

The vase was placed on the lawn in front of the castle, but the necessity for some protection soon became evident. Thus the greenhouse was built for its reception at some considerable distance from the castle.

Having now related the history of the vase up to the time of its arrival at Warwick, we turn to a detailed description of it.

It can be described briefly as a large circular bowl-shaped vase of white marble enriched with Bacchic heads in high relief and having massive looped handles on either side.

Piranesi was content simply to describe it as "un antico Vaso di marmo di gran mole," but subsequently an attempt was made to place it in one of the categories into which the so-called Greek vases are divided. Consequently, it was described as krater-shaped or as actually being a krater, and when it became necessary to word an inscription on the

plinth of the bronze copy at Cambridge it was referred to as "Simulacrum Hoc Craterae Marmoreae."

But as the krater had greater depth than diameter, the similarity to the shape of the Warwick Vase is unacceptable. The only possible alternative is the kantharos, especially the shape known in Beazley's list as "Form B." Its diameter is greater than its depth, the handles end almost flush with the rim, and the sides of the body are slightly ogee—all as in the Warwick Vase. But this striving after a "classical" model is really fruitless for there is no type of Greek pot of which the Warwick Vase is an exact equivalent. The reason for this is not hard to find. Greek pots were made purely for utilitarian purposes, and the fact that their shapes, quite apart from their decoration, achieved a beauty of line unknown before or since is just one of those marvels of ancient art. They were not vases at all, as we use the word; but the ostentatious creation with which we are dealing was a vase—made solely for display and exhibition. No wonder we can find no counterpart in VIth or Vth-century Greek pottery.

But our inquiry was not unprofitable, because in both the krater and the kantharos we may discover the origin of that curious "shelf" or ridge on which our Bacchic heads are placed. In the column-krater the high shoulder merely forms a neck, but in the volute-krater the body outline is broken by a lower shoulder, or ledge, from which the handles, terminating in compact spirals, spring. In most cases this "shelf" is used by the artist as a stage on which the figures in his frieze can disport themselves. In the calyx-krater there is no shoulder and it is the calyx itself which supplies the "shelf"—either in actual projection or else suggested by a broad decorated band. So, too, in the kantharos the fillet conveys the same idea.

In the Hellenistic age the artist's love of restraint and delicacy of touch gradually gave place to a more robust form of decoration, and with the passing of the painted pot the sculptor and silversmith expressed themselves in the high relief which satisfied the craving for theatrical effect. By the time we reach the Augustan era, we find heads, masks, Bacchic emblems, musical instruments and statuettes appearing in wild array, and it is to this period that we can trace the direct source of the strange decoration which appears on the Warwick Vase.

The "shelf," which divides the body below the broad rim into nearly equal parts, is draped with two lions' skins—one either side of the vase. In each case the head occupies a central position, and the fore-paws hang down each side of the lower part of the body, which is carved as an acanthus leaf calyx. The hind paws of both skins meet in a knot under the handles.

As we are dealing with a Bacchic, or more correctly, a Dionysiac, vase, the most important side is that on which we see a fine head of the bearded Dionysus placed on a low plinth of its own immediately above the lion's head. Half-hidden by his flowing locks, we notice the flat mask of an elderly Silenus, facing the opposite way—bearded, bald and crowned with a wreath of ivy leaves and berries. As an elderly Silenus is often represented as being present at the birth of the god, we may perhaps see an allusion to this here.

Either side of the "shelf," quite near the juncture of the handles with the body of the vase, is placed the head of a snub-nosed Silenus, that to the left being crowned with a wreath of ivy leaves and berries, while that to the right is garlanded with vine leaves and cones. In the empty spaces between these heads and the central pair are two Dionysiac emblems which call for a little explanation.

Between the head of Dionysus in the centre and that of the Silenus on the left is a crooked stick or sheep-hook known in Greek as *λαγώβολον* and in Latin as *pedum*. It is usually represented as notched and is fashioned from the wood of the wild olive. It typifies pastoral life, and consequently is an attribute of Pan, the satyrs and all other followers of Dionysus. The curved end is slightly clubbed and can be used for flinging at hares, as a kind of boomerang,

THE WARWICK VASE



The reverse side of the Warwick vase showing the female head with the fawn-like ear.

as well as for hooking the legs of sheep. It should not be confused with the *lituus*, which was also a crooked stick, or staff, but which had a more spiral end. It was borne by the augurs and used by them to mark out a *templum*, or space in the heavens, within which they would look for signs. Although it does not figure on the Warwick Vase, it appears on other Bacchic vases, where it is probably a symbol of a sanctuary of Dionysus—*templum* in this sense being the *ædes sacræ* of the Gods.

Between the central flat mask of the elderly Silenus and that to the right is the *thyrsus* (θύρσος), a wand, sceptre or spear made from the tall umbelliferous plant *ferula* (φέρουλη), in which Prometheus preserved the fire stolen from heaven. It is invariably found in the hands of satyrs, Sileni, Maenads and others engaged in Bacchic rites. It is also carried by Dionysus himself, as well as by his beloved wife, Ariadne. It is usually tipped either with a pine cone, vine leaves and grapes, or ivy leaves and berries. At least two of these varieties will be noticed on the vase. According to some authorities, the leaves conceal the tip of a spear point used to goad the votaries to madness. A riband or fillet is bound round the shaft immediately below the cone or bunch of leaves, and hangs down in two long streamers. This apparently peaceful and joyous appendage is said to act as a further blind to the real nature of the object. The *thyrsus* is the most familiar of all Bacchic emblems, being found in all periods of Greek art, on sarcophagi, altars, friezes, vases, terracottas, gems and coins.

Two further specimens figure between the masks on the other side of the Warwick Vase, to which we now turn. Here we find another four heads, or masks, arranged in exactly the same way as those already discussed. As before, each

end of the "shelf" is occupied by a Silenus, that to the left being crowned with ivy leaves and berries, and that to the right with pine leaves and cones.

But it is with the central group that we are chiefly concerned. Here we notice that the most important position is occupied by a female head of classic beauty, the chin raised, the wavy hair crowned with ivy, and three curling tresses hanging over the plinth on which the head rests. Most prominent, however, is the long, deeply modelled, fawn-like ear which seems strangely out of place on a head with such refined features and dignified repose—an expression so different from the care-free wantonness of a Bacchante. But we are at a considerable disadvantage in having no knowledge as to how much of this central group is original and how much has been added at the personal whim of the restorers. Partly hidden by the head, and facing the opposite way, is the flattened mask of a bearded man—either Dionysus or an aged Silenus. His curly hair mingles with that of the female head, and is, without doubt, original work. Before considering the matter further, it will be as well to explain, once and for all, why the suggestion so often made and repeated—that Emma, Lady Hamilton, sat as a model for the head—is as ridiculous as it is impossible. Piranesi had sketched the head long before it was published in his *Vasi, candelabri, cippi* . . . in 1778. In fact, four years before that date the restored vase had arrived safely at Warwick Castle and was awaiting the building of the greenhouse. Now Sir William Hamilton never set eyes on Emma Hart (Amy Lyon) until 1784, at which date the vase, complete with its new head, had already been at Warwick for ten years!

The question which naturally presents itself is whether or



Gavin Hamilton, Self Portrait.

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not the head has been correctly restored. In 1888, Prof. E. C. Clark of Cambridge made a close inspection of it prior to a lecture which he gave at the castle, and noticed that there was a distinct crack round the greater part of the head. The hair, however, with its wreath of ivy, seemed to be continuous with the main body of the vase. Unfortunately he says nothing about the three curls falling over the plinth, but if they are original, which seems likely, they would have belonged either to the head of a youthful Dionysus, or else to that of some female. The latter view was preferred by the restorers, who decided to model the head of a goddess, and yet give it a Bacchic touch by adding long animal ears! The two strangely contrasting features thus produced at once arouse our suspicions. It is hard to imagine a face less suited to such treatment. Moreover, even Maenads or Bacchantes are represented with human ears, but the sculptor of this particular vase has not given animal ears even to the Sileni, who are nearly always shown on Greek vases with horses' ears and tails. Another objection to accepting the head in its present form is the position it occupies. It is given a place of honour, corresponding exactly to that of Dionysus on the other side of the vase. It is much too important a position for a mere Bacchante, a votary of which there were hundreds, if not thousands, in the Dionysiac train. Moreover, the head is too large and out of proportion with the others. I suggest, therefore, that if the missing head *was* female it represented Ariadne, the wife of Dionysus. What could be more fitting? On one side was the God, and on the other the Goddess—each with heads of Sileni either side. The only reason they are separated at all is because we are dealing with a vase divided by its handles into two distinct and corresponding parts, rather than with a single surface such as is presented on a wall-painting.

The missing head, or heads, the tell-tale cracks on so much of the surface of the vase—showing much more clearly to-day than in 1774—the bad proportion of the female head, the surprisingly perfect conditions of the ovolo moulding on the rim, are all factors to be considered when

we wish to discover what portions of the Warwick Vase, as we see it to-day, are ancient and what portions are the work of the XVIIIth-century restorers.

As only the findings of a leading authority in such matters are worthy of recording, I have been especially lucky in persuading T. H. C. Toynbee, Professor of Ancient Archaeology at Cambridge University, to make a detailed inspection of the vase at Warwick Castle. She reports that it is very largely XVIIIth-century work with a few ancient portions inserted here and there. The female head is definitely "modern" and so is the background on which she is carved. The satyr mask which has been let in close beside her may be ancient, and, at any rate, most of it is. The Silenus to the left of the head is also original, while that to the right is not. Turning to the other side, the central group, with the head of Dionysus (as I have called it) is ancient. The other Sileni are XVIIIth century, and doubtless based on the one original one on the other side. The handles and frieze of the vine are also original—though carefully repaired. All the lower part of the vase is XVIIIth century.

From this report it would seem that the account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1800, already quoted, was based on first-hand knowledge—that it was handed in *pieces* to an artist in Rome, in whom we may see Gavin Hamilton or Piranesi, who formed a mass of clay to which he fixed such pieces of the original as could be found and supplied the rest, including "the deficient masks"—the plural of the last word should be especially noted. Thus although, as could really only be expected in a vase of so great a size, only portions of it are original, it is clear that sufficient remained, especially of the handles and the frieze, to be certain of its correct size and shape, while the only guess-work was the replacing of the missing heads or masks and the form of decoration of the base.

There remains little more than the handles to be described. They are, perhaps, the most satisfying part of the vase, and are worthy of our close inspection. Each handle is formed of two thick vine stalks, which appear to grow out of the body of the vase itself. They twist over each other forming a great central knot, after which they again bifurcate and curve over to embrace the rim of the vase which they follow in sinuous folds until their tendrils intermingle with those coming from the opposite direction. Thus a continuous band of vine foliage is formed from which bunches of grapes hang over the lower edge of the border. The edge of the rim has an ovolo moulding surmounted by a row of beading. Both are repeated in the stem below the bowl of the vase, separated by a plain concave moulding. The plain spreading foot has been added, and forms no part of the original.

HOC PRISTINAE ARTIS
ROMANAEQ. MAGNIFICENTIAE MONUMENTUM
RUDERIBUS VILLAE TIBURTINAE
HADRIANO AUG. IN DELICIIIS HABITAE EFFOSSUM
RESTITUI CURAVIT
EQUES GULIELMUS HAMILTON
A GEORGIO III. MAG. BRIT. REGE
AD SICIL. REGEM FERDINANDUM IV. LEGATUS
ET IN PATRIAM TRANSMISSUM
PATRIO BONARUM ARTIUM GENIO DICAUIT
AN. AC.N. C18DCLXXIV.

Sir William Hamilton's Latin inscription carved on one side of the pedestal of the Warwick Vase.

(To be continued)

CHINESE ART: Basic Principles *An Appreciation by VICTOR REINAECKER*

THE sketch-book of Chinese paintings (Shih Chu Chai), often called "The Ten Bamboo Hall Album,"* contains over 250 subjects comprising "clear landscapes, rocks, antiques, poems on paintings, curious rock formations, vigorous hues, living brushwork, dragons entering forests, open spaces, phoenixes, 'friends of the ink,' toys, orchards, lonely spots, music scenes, hidden locations, lofty sites, resolution, firmness," etc. These pictorial allusions embody the traditional qualities, interests and preoccupations which all Chinese scholars inherit from their ancient past and perpetuate in poem and picture and calligraphy. All three are often combined in a single work of graphic composition.

This sketch-book, illustrating the art of the brush in Chinese painting, was assembled from the sketches left by a group of early Ming painters who formed a clique attempting to revive "Sung colour, pastel shades, T'ang outlines," and to embody the Six Principles for Painters and Calligraphers laid down by Hsieh Ho in the late Vth century. It is issued by Kuo Chi Shu Tien (modern name Guozi Shudian), under the editorship of Hu Ch'eng-yen, and illustrated by a polychrome method of reproduction. The book is bound in the Chinese traditional manner, which means that the volumes must be read from the end of the book by turning its pages from left to right.

Early in the Ch'ing dynasty (date not known exactly, but it was apparently before 1700) a work appeared with the title *Shih Chu Chai Shu Hua Tse* (An Album of Drawings and Writings from the Ten Bamboos Study), divided into eight sections dealing respectively with such subjects as Peaches, Bamboo, Stones, Fruit, Flowers and Birds. It was not merely a re-issue of the work here under consideration, nor was it merely a splendid effort in polychromatic printing; it was an attempt to get all the Ten Bamboos Hall paintings into reasonable order for students.

The famous Six Principles of Hsieh Ho have been variously transliterated by Petrucci, Vernon Blake, Laurence Binyon, Giles, Hirth and the Japanese Sei-Ichi Taki (see *The Kokka*, No. 244), and others; but all authorities express pretty closely the same general ideas, though certain variations do occur, due to difficulties of philological interpretation; as, for instance, where the Sixth Principle, *Tch'ouan mon yi su*, has been rendered, "The transmission of classic models" by Binyon, "Finish" by Giles, and as "Copying Models" by Hirth. The First Principle, *K'i yun cheng tong*, seems to embody the central guiding principle that "painting should express 'Rhythmic Vitality' or 'Spiritual Rhythm expressed in the movement of life'" (Binyon). The great Chinese master painters have demonstrated in their work that almost every other attribute of an object represented may be sacrificed, so long as the quality of rhythmic vitality and the spirit of life be preserved. This vision of the world sees that all things share in some degree in the general consciousness, that vitality pervades all Nature, not only human existence and the life of the animal and vegetable forms, but even rocks and water, mountains and clouds, share in the same general consciousness.

Nothing is more difficult to understand than an alien civilisation; but there are occasional opportunities afforded us to catch a glimpse and receive hints from which we may learn to appreciate the ideals and aims of a culture different from our own. For such opportunities we should be grateful; and this modern edition of an old Chinese book (although the text is in the Chinese script, which must be read downwards and from right to left) offers the European student such an opportunity. Indeed, they give us more than a hint of the spirit which to some extent still informs the world's most ancient civilisation, but now unhappily fallen into cultural and political confusion. When sympathetically regarded and understood, Chinese forms of art may be regarded as among the most civilised of the world.

* *Peking Letter Papers*. £4 7s. 6d. Collet's Chinese Bookshop.

From their poetry, painting, pottery and sculpture we can attain to the highest wisdom and graces of human aspiration.

It is still evident, though in a lesser degree than formerly, that the Chinese value the dignity and poetry of life above all things. This book illustrates how, with the delicate touches of brush and ink, in the ancient technique which through calligraphy is united with poetry, the Chinese express both the tenderness and the discipline of their feelings. With only a few strokes of gently graduated tones the painter depicts bamboo shoots or rocks, or butterflies' wings, or the carp's rhythmic motion, with a sureness and subtlety of touch that may at first seem tenuous and unsubstantial to the Western eye, but which for the Chinese connoisseur catches the vitality and delicacy of these varied natural phenomena. The severe discipline of hand and eye which has gone to these direct and pure transcriptions of Nature gives us the purest of all expressions of the most human of philosophies. It reconciles the qualities of vitality and delicacy, of the poetry and the prose of life.

The pages of these books illustrate the work of a number of different artists who probably were specialists in their particular genre. What was in the minds of these men who painted these subjects? What desires and aspirations did they seek to satisfy? What, above all, were the conceptions of Man and Nature they sought to express? Had they any formulated theory of art? What was their point of view? And again, what was the subject-matter of their art? what did it mean to them? and how did they choose to treat it?

These are crucial questions; for the deepest intuitions of a race are deposited in its art. While, of course, no words can make these wholly articulate in any adequate form by means of language, nevertheless the thoughts and sayings, the theories of representative men are of service in that they prove what might be considered accidental to be the subject of conscious intention; they testify to a common point of view.

The Chinese mind has been described as "a quaint marriage-flower of two opposite ways of taking the world;" an Oriental indifference to which the chances of life are of little significance, and a doctrine of conduct whose most marked characteristic is an intense apprehension of the importance of human dignity and tradition. To understand the sentiment inspiring all Chinese artistic expression, it is a help to have some knowledge of the two great rival, theoretically exclusive, philosophies: Taoism and Confucianism.

Confucius is the prophet of Chinese social life, of the life of the citizen. He is the least mystical of sages. His religion is a religion of conduct. In the ordering of man's relation to man, in a ritual of duty, lay, according to Confucius, the secret of the best kind of life. Taoism, on the other hand, which is the name for all the literature which has clustered round the doctrine of Tao, or "The Way," is fundamentally and in essence antagonistic to the Confucian teaching. Unfortunately, Tao is beyond verbal definition. According to the great Chinese sage, Lao Tze (604 B.C.), "Those who know do not tell; those who tell do not know." By no power of thought, by no manner of cognition, may Tao be known. Only by resting in nothing, by according with nothing, may Tao be so much as approached. "By following nothing, by passing nothing, Tao may be attained." The end of Tao is a spiritual state of direct communion with Divine Reality.

It is appropriate to mention here that there are three Tao: the Tao of Heaven, or *Ti'en Tao*; the Tao of Earth, or *T'i Tao*, and the union of the two produces the Tao of Man, or *Jen Tao*. In the famous *Book of Rites* called *Li Chi*, one of the Five Classics, we read: "Man is a product of the beneficial operation of Heaven and Earth."

There is again the Tao of Confucius, the rationalist and social reformer, and the Tao of Lao-tze, the idealist and

APOLLO



The Oriole : The Bird Messenger from fairyland



The Wild Prunus Blossom with typical leaf and twig.



The Ch'i-lin or Kylin : A most benevolent beast, appearing when sages are born or die.



The Lute of the State of Yü : a classical five-stringed instrument much prized.



The Horse of Ch'i State : A Horse of Shantung.



The "Precious Treasury" Butterfly : A favourite in S.W. China.

individualist. "The first," L. Cranmer-Byng tells us, "corresponds to the spirit of Northern China, the second to the Southern spirit. From the days of Confucius and Lao-tzu up to the time of the Mings, about A.D. 1421, the whole of Chinese history bears witness to the struggle between the two rival forces. When both were equally balanced, the Empire flourished, when either prevailed, it weakened and decay set in."

The original of this collection of paintings seems to reflect the healthy balance of these rival attitudes to life, when their art really expressed the meeting and union of two characters—the character of Nature and the character of Man; the material and the spiritual. Unfortunately for Chinese art, under the Mings, Confucianism finally prevailed, and Chinese art follows a slow downward course only relieved by a slight spiritual infusion during the reigns of the Manchu Emperors K'ang Hsi (1662–1722) and Ch'ien Lung (1736–1795).

As Anthony Blunt pointed out (in *The Spectator* for August 19th, 1938), "The scientific study of Nature is not the whole of art. It is only a means which art uses to describe those things which the artist thinks interesting and to express his views and feelings about more general matters." The Chinese artist may be said to give form to the life of Nature in an almost mystical sense, in which purpose the study of natural appearances is as useless as it was to the European medieval sculptor who wished to depict a particular aspect of the supernatural world. This subtle attitude might be expected to result in a glorification of "preciousness" in their art, but this is only rarely the case. What we are made to feel is the presence of that fundamental preoccupation of all great art, concern for relationship not only of form to form and colour to colour, but, as Laurence Binyon has put it, "of what is expressed to what is left unexpressed, of each

animate thing to the immensity of life. It is as if the courtesy and understanding we keep for men and women were extended to everything that lives." The Chinese artist is by a native habit of mind modest in the face of a vast and mysterious universe. To the Chinese mind all Nature is symbolical and typifies something higher.

It is of interest to mention that the representation of the human body as such is never made the subject of a Chinese painting as it is in the West. The drawing of the nude they regard as pornographic; and the human figure is in their view only to be delineated if it can be given the abstract beauty of brushwork, for which the study of calligraphy, and not anatomy, is the first prerequisite.

With his different point of view, one natural effect upon the Western critic of this compilation of charming and exquisite pictures—despite their content of sometimes deep esoteric allusion and philosophic meaning (as, for instance, the illustration of the well-known Yin and Yang Principle and the famous Eight Trigrams, which condense immense volumes of knowledge in these symbols)—will be to demonstrate the natural tendency of a body of craftsmen to yield more and more to mechanical routine unless constantly sustained and controlled by the strength which derives from a truly creative artistic tradition. Only in periods when a common spiritual heritage continues to inspire the whole artistic expression of a people can the shaping and adorning of things of common use by competent craftsmen be a truly creative activity. When no healthy life-giving pervading current of ideas and corporate aims flow through the whole social body, its art will be given over only to trivialities and merely imitative effects and constructions. Or should this book be more properly regarded as an indirect defence of "aristocratic" art?

A SHAFT FROM APOLLO'S BOW:

SEVERAL recent happenings have tended to focus public attention upon the National Gallery. Chief of these has been the purchase of the El Greco painting with the aid of a £30,000 grant by the Treasury; least, the appearance in an auction room in Rome of an "original" of the National Gallery Corregio, "Ecce Homo"; next, the publication of Sir Philip Hendy's resplendent book on the Gallery; and finally, the issue of the fighting Report of the Gallery activities from 1938 to 1954, a Report which puts forward a demand for an annual grant of £100,000 instead of the £20,000 now given. The El Greco transaction called forth a howl of annoyance from what one might call the picture-hating public. A redoubtable knight wrote to *The Times* that this £30,000 should have been used to reduce the National Debt (of all strange ideas!) and that the owner should have been allowed to sell his picture for American dollars. Elsewhere it was mooted that this £30,000 should have been used to increase Old Age Pensions. I imagine that the Treasury, after some elaborate arithmetic, felt that the suggested decrease or increase was not really sufficient to withdraw their support of the El Greco project. They may have considered more earnestly another constructive suggestion that carried the war into the enemy's country, as it were, by proposing that our picture galleries should sell 10 per cent or 20 per cent of their pictures to America, and went on to propose that some of our more thinly attended old parish churches, and country mansions in the hands of impoverished owners, might be taken down stone by stone and exported for dollars in the finest "Ghost goes West" style. As this concluded with the suggestion that Wells Cathedral with its bell-ringing swan would fetch a good price, it may have been made in irony.

Nobody, so far as I know, suggested that the National Gallery itself, complete with its contents, would fetch a good round figure, besides freeing the valuable site for the building of one of those nice blocks of offices which so perfectly express the spirit of our times.

The Price and the Picture.

The Report of the Gallery gives point to this suggestion. The demand for even more money on the one hand, and the revelation that the Michelangelo "Entombment" has a market value of £250,000, on the other, shows that the sale of the institution will make the full payment of the National Debt and the increase of Old Age Pensions a practical proposition, whilst ridding the Old Country of an unnecessary drain on its resources. The assertion of the Director that even our Corregio "Ecce Homo" is worth "at least £50,000" points in the same direction, for we could have picked up that "original" at the sale in the villa of the Dusmet's in Rome for a mere £1,450, and have had with it Professor Adolpho Venturi's certificate declaring it to be the genuine original. And any good business man knows that it isn't the picture but the art historian's certificate which has the value, especially when the art historian is an Italian.

On the other hand, pictures are notoriously cheap in Rome. It might even be mentioned that the Michelangelo itself was really rediscovered by two fairly impecunious students in a market place in Rome little more than a century ago and was bought by them for thirty shillings! True, the National Gallery paid more than this for it; but the fact that its price has risen in their hands from approximately £8,000 to £250,000 should give the Gallery some standing in the eyes of the hard-headed dollar getters.

So perhaps we had better leave things as they are, or even more wisely give the National Gallery a sum commensurate with the scientific care and trusteeship of the greatest collection of pictures in the world, and earn our dollars from Americans who come here to see them. In these columns we have, from time to time, expressed concern at the particular direction in which public money is spent on the visual arts, but if we must pay the National Debt or feather-bed Old Age Pensioners by cheeseparing on our cultural activities, I would suggest that we refrain from sending pictures of our lavatory plumbing to Venice as a boost for British Neo-Realistic art.



Portrait of Missia Sert by Bonnard. *Private Collection.*

FRENCH PAINTING AND THE JAPANESE PRINT

By *TERENCE MULLALY*

THE discovery of the Japanese print by certain French XIXth-century artists had an important influence upon the development of modern painting. For the Japanese prints which from about the middle of the century onwards found their way to Paris, at a time when the whole concept of Western academic art was being examined and defied as never before, opened up a fascinating new world. They served to confirm and elaborate new attitudes to line and composition that were to play a part in the theoretical approach of the Impressionists and others. And, even more important, they suggested the possibility of largely novel

ways of viewing the world of everyday events. Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance, is in many respects closer to Utamaro than he is to Ingres.

It is therefore particularly interesting to consider the impact the work of artists such as Kiyonaga, Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige and even, by Japanese standards, decadents such as Kuniyoshi and Kyosai had upon French XIXth-century painting. And it was by no means only the Nabis and before them men such as Degas, Manet and Monet who admired or were influenced by the art of the Japanese print. Théodore Rousseau treasured among his



Portrait of a Woman, by Vuillard. *Private Collection.*

few possessions a number of Japanese prints, and Gauguin also collected them. And there could hardly be two more different artists! Then again, Van Gogh paid Hiroshige the compliment of copying his work.

The evidence for the influence of Japanese prints upon European art is to be found in the study of pictures by numerous artists, for they conditioned the work of many of the best-known names in the history of XIXth-century painting. In addition to this, we have a certain amount of secondary evidence, from letters, diaries and the work of contemporary critics. For instance, Van Gogh, in a letter written from Arles to his brother Theo in 1888, refers to the Japanese artist as a man who studies a single blade of grass, and then goes on to say: "But this blade of grass leads him to draw every plant and then the seasons, the wide aspects of the country-side, then animals, then the human figure."

And later in the same letter he says: "You cannot study Japanese art, it seems to me, without becoming much gayer and happier, and we must return to nature in spite of our education and our work in a world of convention." But on the other hand, Camille Pissarro, writing to his son Lucien in the spring of 1891, criticised Gauguin for copying elements in his famous picture "Jacob wrestling with the Angel" from the Japanese. Yet Pissarro himself was not uninfluenced by the Japanese.

The Japanese prints which so impressed many French XIXth-century artists, and which ever since they first reached Europe have been admired in the West, were, and still are, not greatly esteemed in Japan. In fact, many of the first prints that reached the West are reputed to have come not as works of art but as wrappings and packing for Japanese merchandise, so little were they valued in

Japan and so common were they at the time. In order to understand the reasons why they were held in little esteem in cultivated circles in Japan and, in fact, to appreciate why the Japanese print developed along the lines it did, it is necessary to know something of the Japanese attitude to the visual arts.

Japanese society has always been extremely rigid, with clearly defined social distinctions. Thus, during the Tokugawa period, and, in fact, throughout the whole of Japan's previous history, practically all those artists who were socially accepted came from the nobility. And it was in this period that the Japanese colour print came into being and reached its highest development.

When at the beginning of the XVIIth century Tokugawa Iyeyasu, after a long period of civil war, established his dynasty, a new and glittering period began in Japanese history and was to continue until the Tokugawa Shogunate was overthrown by the revolution of 1868, which opened Japan to Western influence. During this long period the power of the Emperor, who resided at Kyoto, the old capital, remained purely nominal. The life of the Empire was centred not in Kyoto, but in Yedo (now renamed Tokyo). It was here that the Shogun, the *ipso facto* ruler, resided with his court, the size and magnificence of which deeply impressed early Western visitors to Japan. And Yedo rapidly became the first city of Japan, a city full not only of nobles and scholars but also of merchants and craftsmen, and a city that became known not only as a centre of traditional culture but also for its places of entertainment and for its geisha.

It was in answer to the needs of the ever-increasing working-class population of the new Yedo that the Japanese colour print was developed. In the first half of the XVIIth century the work of the leading Japanese artists could hardly be expected to make a powerful appeal to the mass of the population, for it was, as it always has been, austere and refined to a degree. Thus there grew up the Ukiyo-yé (the word can be literally translated as "passing-world picture") School, dedicated to the tastes of the ordinary people of Yedo.

The first important exponent of this new school was Hishikawa Moronobu (1618-94?), who produced book illustrations calculated to appeal to a humble public. The exact origin of the Japanese colour print is a matter for controversy, somewhat similar prints may have been introduced from the West by the Jesuits; but what matters in the present context is that from the XVIIth century onwards it became the favourite means of expression employed by the Ukiyo-yé artist. Just as these prints were intended for the ordinary people, so were the artists of the Ukiyo-yé School drawn from the lower orders, and both they and their productions were despised by the nobility. Their subjects were those calculated to appeal to their audience. At first figure subjects were favoured, studies of actors and of geisha; then landscape became more popular, culminating in a series such as Hiroshige's famous Tokaido set. But whatever their subject, they held up a mirror to the passing world, and it is this, in addition to the formal characteristics of their work, that appealed so strongly to the West. Yet it went much further than that, for they also encouraged the artists of the West to probe below the surface. Just as Toulouse-Lautrec was to reveal not only the image but also at times the heartbreak and despair of those he chose to depict, so, in a different vein, the Japanese artist lifted the veil from the passing world.

We do not know precisely when the first Japanese colour prints reached France; but by the 60's they were arriving in Paris, albeit in small numbers. Some certainly came accidentally as packing for merchandise, but as time went on more and more of them were deliberately shipped from Japan and were avidly pounced upon by the artists and the cognoscenti.

Of all the ways in which Japanese prints affected the artists of the West, the most far reaching and basically the

most decisive was that they made them look at the world afresh. The cherry blossom and the driving rain have been from time immemorial a part of the heritage of every Japanese. Along with the Chinese they have always been closer to nature than any other civilised people. This is reflected clearly in their prints; and the acute observation of the material world, which to-day still impresses us in the work of Hokusai or Hiroshige, came to the artists in Paris during the last century as a revelation. It led them to turn again to nature, to see new beauties and discard facile clichés. It was not that European artists had never studied nature perceptively; one need only think of the work of many Netherlandish painters, of Dürer, or of a Leonardo or a Rubens to recognise the absurdity of such a proposition. Rather, it was that despite the Barbizon painters, and the precedents set by men such as Michel and Huet, the officially sanctioned art of the Salon around the middle of the century was both affected and pompous. It was far removed from the direct inspiration of nature. Under these circumstances the Japanese prints came as an exciting revelation. It is not to be wondered at that they were eagerly seized upon and avidly discussed.

Apart from encouraging a fresh and more perceptive approach to nature, the Japanese prints also had the effect, in another direction, of suggesting new subject-matter. Many of the Japanese masters of the colour print had turned for inspiration to the life of the geisha, who played an important part in the Yedo of the Tokugawa Shogunate, or to the world of actors; and their studies of two, three or four figures, in which a piercing insight into character was combined with a superb decorative sense, came to the West as a stimulating shock. Guys and a few others had initiated somewhat similar tendencies, but the Japanese went much further and suggested fascinating new worlds.

When the prints of masters such as Hokusai, Sharaku and Utamaro began to be studied in Paris, one of the things that immediately impressed artists brought up in the Occidental tradition was the novel approach to design of the Japanese. Sometimes figures were apparently irrationally cut off by the side of the print (Fig. I), while in other instances areas of flat colour filled the greater part of its surface. Or alternatively a head was placed to one side. Then again, high and low angles of view were frequently employed. These daring innovations, and they certainly appeared as such in the Paris of the 60's, were eagerly taken up by certain of the Impressionists and those associated with them.

Degas, for instance, learnt much from Utamaro, from Shunsho's scenes from the theatre, from Kiyonaga and from the studies of actors by Sharaku. He was in particular quick to make use of the novel viewpoint. We see this in his studies of individual figures, which are not infrequently viewed from below; and again in many of his ballet scenes, in which high angles of view are employed. This fondness for viewing a subject from unusual angles was, in fact, to make a profound impression in Paris. Excluding its extension into landscape painting, which was again largely due to the Japanese, we find it in the work of artists as different as Monet and Van Gogh, Berthe Morisot and Toulouse-Lautrec. It was frequently adopted by Bonnard and Vuillard, and it was employed by Camille Pissarro in one of his last and greatest pictures, his "Vieille Femme Raccommoquant" of 1902.

Like Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec was quick to emulate certain of the devices employed by the Japanese. He was in particular impressed by their complete disregard of Western academic rules of design. In this connection he learnt much from Utamaro, who was not only, along with Hokusai, the greatest of the masters of the colour print, but who also particularly favoured the unexpected in his designs (Fig. II).

Another telling instance of the same influences at work is Degas' well-known "Absinthe Drinkers" in the Jeu de Paume, in which the two figures have been thrust into the right-hand upper corner of the picture, one of them being actually cut by the right edge of the canvas, while a large part



Fig. I. A Woman Shaving her Temples, by Utamaro.
Courtesy British Museum.



Fig. II. The Folies Bergère poster, by Toulouse-Lautrec.
Courtesy Victoria and Albert Museum.

of the foreground is taken up by a table. It is the use of this sort of device which, coupled with the intensely human subjects portrayed, contributes towards making many pictures by these artists so telling. One of the reasons why a work like Toulouse-Lautrec's "The Sofa," at Sao Paulo, is so poignant is the complete lack of artificiality in its design, and for that we have to a large extent to thank the Japanese. In this respect Renoir also owed them a debt (Fig. III).

A special word of warning must nevertheless be sounded. For there were other influences at work that had effects similar to those derived from Japanese prints. By no means every figure cut in half is inspired by Utamaro or Toshusai Sharaku! In particular, photography had a powerful influence upon certain Western artists; Monet is an example, and the lessons learnt from it were often much the same as those culled from the Japanese.

A number of the Japanese prints which reached Paris were not of figure subjects but of landscapes, and their influence was also considerable. We see it very clearly in a picture like Degas' "Carriages at the Races" (Fig. IV), in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is apparent not only in the placing of the carriage and the horses, which fill approximately a quarter of the picture, and in the cutting of the small carriage to the left by the edge of the canvas, but also in the actual design. The way in which the middle distance has been largely ignored while the impression of distance between foreground and background has been brilliantly conveyed owes much to Hokusai and Hiroshige. Yet the parallels go even further than this, for the picture as a whole has a strangely Japanese feeling about it; it is indeed instructive to compare it with a print such as Hokusai's "The Bay of Naniwa" (Fig. V).

This general similarity in feeling for design displayed by Degas and the Japanese raises an interesting point. Namely, the relationship between them and Cézanne. In certain



Fig. III. Les Parapluies, by Renoir. Courtesy the National Gallery.



Fig. IV. Carriages at the Races, by Degas.
Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.



Fig. V. The Bay of Naniwa, by Hokusai.
Courtesy the Phaidon Press.

respects his art is the antithesis of that of the Japanese and he was not greatly influenced by them, yet the laborious process by which he built up his pictures often produced results akin to those they effortlessly achieved. This is clear in a picture such as his "Mte. Ste.-Victoire" (Fig. VI) in the Phillips Collection, Washington, in which even the tree on the left and the branches above might have been taken from Hokusai or Hiroshige.

Examples of actual details which have been inspired by the Japanese can easily be multiplied, but in certain respects the general influence Japanese prints had upon the Western artists' feeling for design are even more important than these specific borrowings. And the West was very conscious of the debt it owed; take, for instance, Monet's famous picture, "The Japanese Fan," or the allusions to Japanese art made by Gauguin, Manet, Van Gogh, Whistler and others. The influence behind what Wilenski has called Degas' new type of decorative picture was also in part Japanese, and both Monet and Manet owed much to them. In the latter's case it is apparent not only in his sense of design and his use of large areas of colour but also in his predilection for modelling by the use of contours. This suggests yet another

way in which Japanese prints influenced the West, for the superb draughtsmanship of an artist such as Hokusai deeply impressed men like Toulouse-Lautrec. We see this in his posters, the calligraphic qualities of which are, in the main, due to the lessons he learnt from the Japanese (Fig. I and Fig. II). And the feeling for design they display is also akin to that of the Japanese.

The influence of the Japanese print has extended well into this century, for both Bonnard and Vuillard learnt much from them. This is particularly clear in the portraits shown in the two colour plates—Bonnard's "Missia Sert" and Vuillard's splendid portrait of a woman. In the latter the whole feeling for design, the striking placing of the figure and the clearly defined masses of bold colour are highly reminiscent of Utamaro.

Thus it was that at a time when the old rules of Western academic painting were being discarded, artists in the West turned to the Ukiyo-yé painters of Japan, the men who mirrored the passing world. Their influence is of great historical interest, but it goes further than that, for we owe to them not a few of the beauties in XIXth- and XXth-century painting. And their influence has been as strong and as salutary in this century as when the first Japanese prints were creating a stir in Paris. For, although Bonnard and Vuillard largely dispensed with the calligraphic qualities of Japanese prints, they owed more than is generally realised to men like Hokusai. Their ability to capture the temper of intimate moments reminds us of the Japanese, and when Paul Signac noted in his diary that Vuillard used an explosion of colour to re-establish the harmony of the whole picture he might have been writing about Utamaro, Hokusai or Hiroshige. So it was that for nearly a hundred years artists in the West drew inspiration from Japan.



Fig. VI. Mte. Ste.-Victoire, by Cézanne.
Courtesy Phillips Collection, Washington.

CERAMIC CAUSERIE

CHRISTMAS DAY

NOTHING reflecting the modern spirit of Christmas would seem to have been manufactured prior to the middle years of the last century. The Christmas tree appeared in England about 1780, but its accompanying Santa Claus and exchange of gifts did not follow for many years. The little pottery plate shown here bears a printed representation of a juvenile Christmas feast, circa 1850. The feast originated in pre-Christian times, but it is being challenged in importance nowadays by an orgy of presents and dire forecasts of indigestion.

THE CITY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri, publishes a periodical "poster" detailing current events in, and in connection with, the gallery. A recent issue notes a special exhibition of prints and paintings by Georges Rouault and Alexei Jawlensky and, in contrast, a display of handiwork by the local Weavers Guild. A series of radio programmes is noticed, talks given in the Museum on Monday nights are listed, and a note on a series of television performances concludes with the warm invitation: "Watch the program in the City Art Museum Lounge."

The St. Louis Museum has received recently an important gift of 103 pieces of Oriental "Lowestoft" porcelain. It is a part of the collection of several thousands of examples of the ware formed by the late Mrs. Helena Woolworth McCann, of New York—a collection made when the available supply was very much more plentiful and varied than it is to-day, and when "Lowestoft" was crossing the Atlantic in a seemingly endless flow from every country in Europe. Mrs. McCann's children formed the Winfield Foundation in memory of their mother, and parts of her enormous collection have been given already to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and to others.

QUEEN'S WARE AND ITS IMITATORS

The date of the first introduction of the cream-coloured earthenware improved and manufactured by Josiah Wedgwood has not yet been finally agreed. Various years, ranging from 1763 to 1767, have been given, and in the latter Wedgwood wrote of "cream-coloured, alias Queen's ware," as though the name had not by then become widely current. Once the success of the pottery was assured it could not have been long before it was copied. An advertisement is reprinted below which refers to "Queen's Ware," but makes no mention of the manufacturer who, without any doubt, would be one of Wedgwood's imitators. It is reprinted from the *London Chronicle* of September 7, 1769 (Vol. XXVI, page 240).

QUEEN'S WARE and GLASS, &c.

Alexander Pratt, at his Warehouse, No. 6, in Fleet-Ditch, six Doors from the Corner of Fleet street, on the Right Hand going to the New Bridge, SELLS, Wholesale and Retail, all Sorts of Cream Colour, or Queen's Ware; as also, White Stone Ware, Earthen Ware, and Drinking Glasses, plain, cut, and flowered. At this Place, Merchants have their Orders for Exportation executed in the best Manner, and shipped without any trouble; Families are furnished with complete Table Services, or with smaller Quantities, on the shortest Notice; Shop-keepers are likewise supplied with proper Assortments of all the above mentioned Articles, and the whole is performed on such reasonable Terms as the Advertiser is well assured, when known, will be found to merit Encouragement from all those who wish to buy the best Goods at the first Hand. To prevent unnecessary Trouble, the lowest Price is always asked at a Word.

THE EXPORT OF PORCELAIN

Now that rare old English porcelain fetches consistently high prices on its infrequent appearances in the sale room, one may wonder whether it will be long before its loss abroad is bemoaned officially. There are a number of good collections of XVIIIth-century English porcelain that have been formed



in America since 1939, and many more are far from complete. These collections have been assembled from pieces that appeared on the market here during the last twenty years, and would seem to have left these shores for ever. This is not true, for it is rumoured strongly that an appreciable percentage of important pieces has returned "home" during the last two years, and the trade is not quite the one-way traffic that it seems to be. The rarer English porcelains are already as strong an Anglo-American currency as, say, fine furniture and books have been for many years past, and the continuing rise in value of the china has amply repaid those who invested in it. There is no sign whatsoever of a diminution of interest on either side of the Atlantic, so the price of an exceptional specimen in twenty years time is anybody's guess.

As in this country, a proportion of the pieces in the United States leaves the open market to enter the cloistered tranquility of museums; the well-known Alfred E. Hutton Collection, now in Boston, Mass., is an example. This is a course that is regrettable to the antique trade in a short view, but is a good thing for eventual stability. The museums widen the cultural horizons of their visitors, and can initiate an appreciation of their exhibits; this eventually creates a demand for the ownership of similar pieces on a widespread scale. If the traffic in fine porcelain continues on a two-way basis, there would seem to be little reason for the authorities to interfere with it at this end; nor is there reason for anyone (except the collector, who seldom lives to reap the benefit!) to complain about the high prices it continues to realise.

A MINOR BICENTENARY

The sole relevant quotable item in the issue of the *General Evening Post* for December 25th, 1755, is a very short one and not in accord with the spirit of festivity that should have prevailed. It is under the gloomy heading *BANKRUPTS*, and with two other unfortunates is to be seen the name of "Francis Ellwood, Cheapside, China-Man."

GEOFFREY WILLS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited upon any subject of ceramic interest. Letters should be addressed to The Editor, *APOLLO Magazine*, 10, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

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XVIb

XVIIa

XVIc

MORE ABOUT GENERAL COLLECTING — ESPECIALLY MUGS

By A. T. MORLEY HEWITT

IN *Apollo Annual*, 1948, I wrote asking why not more general collecting, indicating the greater joy in so doing, than thinking of one maker only. The recent sale of a collection of teapots belonging to the Rev. C. J. Sharpe shows what may be achieved by one person combining the idea of general collecting and specialising in one type of item. One hears of those who collect mugs and jugs of various curious shapes to decorate their dens or even hotels. These collectors may start without any knowledge of pottery or porcelain, but how often they end by having quite a good general knowledge of the subject.

Had these particular collectors concentrated on acquiring examples of mugs or tankards of different dates, different factories, different types, how interesting and enlightening such a collection could be. Looking round my varied collection, I have realised what a good cabinet display one could have by collecting mugs, tankards, and plates, and what variety of technique and decoration one would display, to say nothing of variety of sizes and factories. Among my own specimens are some which cannot fail to excite interest in the subject of English drinking vessels. It's not often one can find a perfect mediæval tankard, but such a one came to light in an excavation at Winchester. There is somehow a sense of craftsmanship in the coarse body belly-shaped quart pot with a splash of cuprous green and galena under the lip, a solid rolled handle indicating a serviceable article (Fig. I). Of late Tudor period, one can easily visualise the uplifted hand of the tavern roisterer one so often sees in Dutch pictures of the period.

The two types illustrated (Figs. II & IIa) are what is called the Cistercian type, from the sites of their finds. These examples were found at Burslem by Mr. G. Bemrose, who found a dump of them, none being perfect, sure evidence that they were made in that area probably early in the XVIth century after the dissolution of the monasteries. I am indebted to him for the examples in my collection.

It is well known that the end of the XVIIth century saw a great advance in the technique of pottery by such well-known potters as Dwight of Fulham, Elers of Bradwell and others. The little mug (Fig. IIIa) is a gem of the period c. 1680 of saltglazed grey stoneware with mottled brown surface 4 in. high. The applied floral spray, a rare form of decoration for the period, the ribbed neck finished with a silver mounting

—alas, cleaned too often to see a hallmark—although there are still slight traces of decoration. The shape of this little mug was also common to the Delft potters, and it is curious how many Lambeth Delft examples of this period still exist, although later, towards the decline of tin-glazed earthenware, mugs generally of tankard form are not at all common. Fig. IV shows a Delft mug of the early period decorated in the so-called Nevers style, a blue decoration copied by Lambeth from the then popular French factory, 3½ in. high and having the white spot and splash decoration on *Bleu Persan* ground. This is similar to example illustrated in Plate 30a of F. H. Garner's *English Delft Ware*.

The early days of the XVIIIth century saw the rise of the Nottingham, Derbyshire and Staffordshire potters, who manufactured a really fine brown stoneware, and many mugs still exist. Until the last few years this type of pottery has been almost neglected.

Fig. V is probably an example made by Isaiah Wood, c. 1710, in the Potteries; 8½ in. high, it has reeded banding in middle and at the base, and the lower portion has a curious shallow vertical fluting as though shaved down. The rim is very thin and is protected by a metal band. The measure of this tankard puzzled me until I came across a copy of *The Assize of Ale*, published in 1684. Here I read in the quaint black-letter type of a "Thurdendel," a measure for an ale pot to allow for the froth, so that the customer got his full measure. The book of *Assize* is rare, and I cannot do better than transcribe the paragraphs dealing with this equitable idea.

"And for that ALE and BEER are not in themselves perfect liquors, but being filled into a small measure, the Yeast or Froth thereof will ascend by working very speedily, requiring a time in settling thereof again, there is also used, and to be allowed within this Realm, sundry measures of lesser contents for Brewers, Innholders and Victuallers, selling their Ale and Beer by retail unto the subjects: The which are named and called hooped quart, and pint measures, Thurdendels and half Thurdendels, being a small quantity somewhat bigger than the foresaid standard, in respect of the working and ascending of the Yeast and Froth, as aforesaid: by the which quarts and pints, the Innholders shall retail their Ale and Beer, being after the rate of four pence the gallon: And by the same Thurdendel and half Thurdendel, the

MORE ABOUT GENERAL COLLECTING—ESPECIALLY MUGS

I



II



IIIA



IIA



IIIB



V



IV



VI



VII



Victuallers shall retail their drink, being after the rate of three pence the gallon, the which said several measures are lawful, and ought to be used in manner aforesaid at this day."

This allowance no doubt accounts for many of the mugs which seem to have no definite measure; it is true many of them have an exterior band of pattern, and by filling up to the approximate interior equivalent one has a standard measure.

A somewhat similar brown stoneware mug, 5 in. high (Fig. VI) with an incised pattern of flowers, and having quite a lustrous glaze, is most probably a Nottingham example and made by James Morley about 1720. There is an example in the Castle Museum, Nottingham, which is illustrated in *English Pottery* by B. Rackham and H. Read.

Although almost too small to call a mug, the stoneware example (Fig. IIIB) is somewhat of the same character, and is one of those joys of general collecting; picked up for 1s., it had been considered nothing—in fact, my purchase saved its destruction. Such normal lack of interest is no doubt the reason for the rarity of these little pieces. Only 2½ in. high, the inverted bell shape is charming, and the slight shading to deeper brown round the top makes it most attractive.

A very similar example dug up in Burslem and now in the Hanley Museum is illustrated in the recent book by B. Rackham, *Early Staffordshire Pottery*. Mr. G. Bemrose of Hanley Museum thinks it may have been made by Ralph Simpson of Burslem. Another example was No. 49 in the English Ceramic Circle Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1948. If by Simpson it was late XVIIth century, but all authorities agree that it is not later than very early in the XVIIIth century.

Of the dry red body so generally called Elers ware, and made in the first half of the XIXth century, examples are still to be found, but they are not common.

The red ware glazed, with pipe-clay motifs, or the glazed



agate ware had, perhaps, a greater vogue, and examples of this type are to-day greatly prized (Fig. VII). A tankard 6½ in. high has a brilliant glaze and the white clay applied stamps of lion and fleur-de-lys are most attractive; this mug was probably made by Bell at Pomona Works, Newcastle-under-Lyme, about 1740-50. It is, of course, of a character so generally called Astbury.

The immediate popularity of salt glaze stoneware, with its whitish appearance, appears to have caused other bodies to fall somewhat into desuetude.

The salt glaze tankard (Fig. VIII) is an interesting example. The shape is somewhat like the Continental mugs of the period. The decoration of bold leaves with an attached medallion of a crown and G.R. coloured with blue zaffer is in the style known as Scratch Blue. This mug is a Thurdendel, for it holds three pints plus half-pint allowance for froth. Probably made about 1725, the cypher indicates George I and the body is of the greyish nature usual in early examples. This is, I think, a rare example and has a great charm of its own. There are, of course, a number of mugs in salt glaze commemorating the victory at Portobello by Admiral Vernon in 1739, and a number of scratch blue commemorative mugs between 1740 and 1770. Whieldon seems to have been responsible for many of these, as evidenced by the technique of the flowerer.

Whieldon was also responsible for many of the black glazed mugs with or without trailing. These are so uncom-

mon that it is safe to surmise that these soon lost favour and the enamelled salt glaze, agate and more decorative styles proved more popular.

Salt glaze, with polychrome enamelled decoration either in the jewelled type of flowers, landscape, or bold flowers, seems to have started about 1750, and continued until the end of the vogue for salt glazed ware, when it was superseded by the classicism of Wedgwood or the increased use of porcelain for domestic ware. Two examples of this period are shown in Fig. IX and Fig. X.

About 1780 there arose a demand for something exotic, and a whole series of moulded mugs such as the satyr mug (Fig. XI), modelled by Voyez, was produced by Staffordshire and Liverpool potters.

So far it may be considered the mugs I have mentioned have been somewhat dull, but before touching the subject of the lighter and more decorative ware known as china or porcelain, I must illustrate (Fig. XII) a really fine gallon tankard of stoneware with hardly any brown tinge on its grey surface, and decorated with a hunting scene which finishes or starts at a country inn, complete with inn sign. The style of scene is reminiscent of pictures by Seymour;

XI



XII



MORE ABOUT GENERAL COLLECTING—ESPECIALLY MUGS

XIVB

XIII

XIVA



this was probably made at Fulham about 1760-1770. A somewhat similar example tinged with brown is to be seen at the Pitt Rivers Museum, Farnham, Dorset, dated 1777.

To relieve the colour scheme in a collection of mugs, let us introduce some examples of the last half of the XVIIIth century. First the Bristol-Worcester example decorated in blue somewhat in the style of a Delft potter artist. This particular mug is a scratch cross example with all the other unexplained marks of nick in rim, incised line and blue workman's mark. It is a very satisfactory specimen (Fig. XIII).

Worcester produced some very fine and interesting tankards, many elaborately decorated, but the mug illustrated (Fig. XIVA), of about 1765, has a quality which is most appealing—the bold blue flowers give a gayness to an ordinary utilitarian article. The other Worcester tankard (Fig. XVIb) is only one of the many attractive examples using the well-known engravings of Robert Hancock. This in blue is known as *La Promenade Chinoise*, dated about 1760, and the mark in blue is a rather florid script W. The same design is to be found on some Caughley examples, but the colour is less pleasing. Hancock prints on tankards are always attractive, but it is a joy to find one of the rare prints, and it matters not if it is cracked. Fig. XV is a popular King of Prussia tankard in black print. Signed RH Worcester, dated 1757. The rarity occurs in the fact that instead of the usual Wellham on the second flag is the word Russians, Cyril Cook, in his well-known book on Hancock, only records two other examples.

Of the brilliantly enamelled examples, the small mug or can, colour plate (Fig. XVIIa) is surely one of the most charming. Of the best period of Dr. Wall, with wonderful colours and including the unusual white enamel, it is a fine specimen of the Oriental influence.

Longton Hall, that rather elusive factory, which has been the object of much research in the last few years, is credited with the series of curiously splashed blue and flowered tankards, but examples such as Fig. XVII with the characteristic handle and the outrageous exotic birds in polychrome enamels are accepted as the work of a particular journeyman decorator of about 1758.

The true hard paste made at Plymouth for a short period gave a peculiar brilliance to enamel colours, and the example (Fig. XVIII) marked 2 is similar to that illustrated in Hurlbutts' book on Bristol, Plate 3, and accepted as being Plymouth, and probably decorated by Soqui.

Liverpool porcelain is more prevalent than is sometimes credited and some fine work can truly be ascribed to that town. The small can (Fig. XVIb) in enamelled colours has a charm of its own, while Fig. XVIc, also from Liverpool, is one of the very rare specimens of polychrome printing, almost peculiar to Liverpool. (See colour on p. 198.)

I have confined myself to mugs, but I hope I have shown how interesting a true general collection can be, and what scope there is for a collector who keeps his mind open and his eyes roaming to seek the unusual, and so a chance of acquiring fine specimens.

All specimens illustrated are from the authors' collection.

XV

XVII

XVIII





Fig. I. The fourth side of the quadrangle was removed between 1947 and 1953. This is the aspect from the east today. The new approach to the courtyard and the classical end elevations to the north and south wings were designed by Professor Richardson, P.R.A.

Fig. II. West front of Woburn Abbey. The end of the building is part of the XVIIth-century house. The Venetian gables were moved and inserted in the mid-XVIIIth-century Flitcroft block containing the Duke's Rooms.

THE FURNITURE OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

THOUGH much has been written about Woburn Abbey since the Duke of Bedford opened it to the public at Easter, little attention has been given to the furniture. This series of articles describes some of the more important pieces in the vast collection and relates them, so far as possible, to surviving documents.

Because the furniture and furnishing represent, in large measure, the background of living of the Russell family, it is necessary to give a brief history of the house and some of the personages who have lived there. Before doing so, I should like to make acknowledgment to those who have made my research possible. First, I would thank the Duke, who has permitted me to roam at will at Woburn and thoroughly examine the furniture in the private apartments of the Abbey, as well as in the State Rooms. Secondly, I owe a great debt of gratitude to Miss Gladys Scott Thomson, M.A., F.S.A., the well-known historian, for loaning me her transcripts of all the documents, which have so far come to light in the Woburn archives, relating to the furniture and furnishings of the various houses occupied by the Earls and Dukes of Bedford.

I would like to add one further note. The furniture illustrated and described in this series of necessity represents only a small proportion of the furniture at Woburn. There are two reasons. The collection is vast and some furniture is still piled up in rooms and cannot be viewed at present. Many of the rooms had to be emptied of furniture for occupation by various government departments during the war and then, between 1947-1950, the dry-rot infested east wing was demolished, so causing further congestion of furniture in the remaining wings. Before the demolition and reinstatement of the building was complete, the late Duke died suddenly, and it is therefore not surprising that not all the furniture is yet reinstated in suitable places. However,

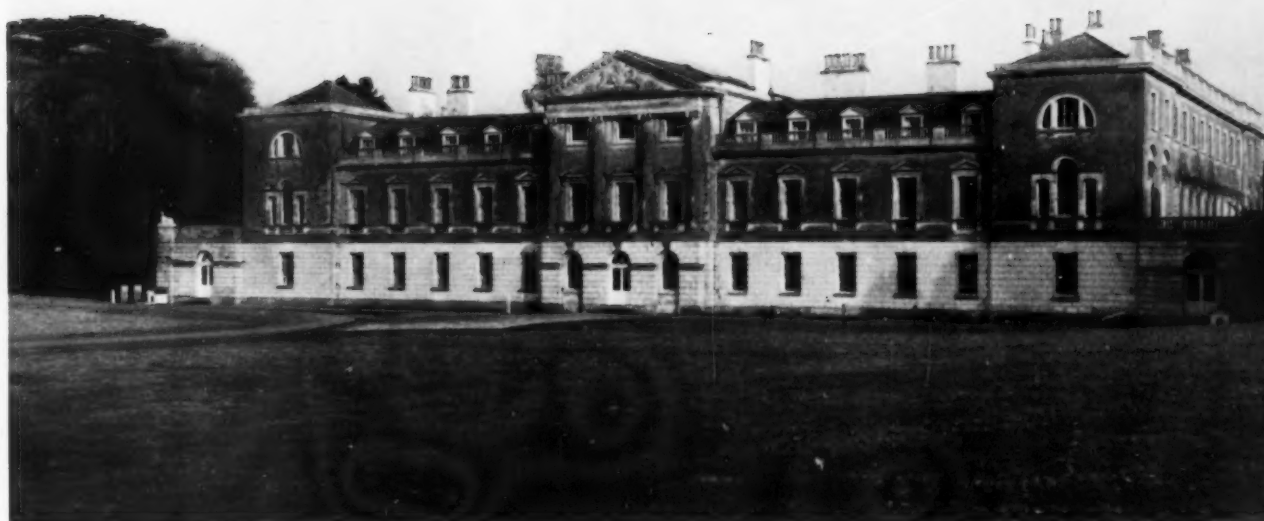
no visitors can possibly cavil at the number of treasure-filled rooms which they are able to view for a modest half-crown, and the putting of so much of the huge building into tasteful order so quickly, after years of unavoidable neglect, must have represented a herculean task for the present Duke and Duchess.

From the point of view of the student of furniture history there is one further snag. The records and bills relating to the furniture are tantalising; there are so many gaps. Much of the important furniture is unrecorded; some of the descriptions are vague; many of the accounts relate to furniture which has probably been sold, has passed by death or marriage to other families, or has just paid the penalty of time. To add to the difficulties, some large suites have been divided up and scattered in various parts of the Abbey, where they are found with different upholstery coverings and, in some instances, different finishes to their woodwork, whilst in other cases furniture of several different suites may be found all with the same coverings and trimmings. Moreover, some of the documented pieces may be piled up in the rooms not yet cleared, so it is possible that further discoveries may be made, beyond those which will be recorded in these articles.

The present Woburn occupies the site of a Cistercian Abbey, built on a quadrangular plan round an inner courtyard. Following the dissolution of the monasteries in 1548, John, Baron Russell, in the following year to be created first Earl of Bedford, was granted the reversion of the leases of the Abbey, the demesne lands and the town of Woburn. Neither he nor his immediate successors lived at, or took much interest in, Woburn; they continued to spend their time between Chenies, their London residence, and their property at Tavistock in Devon. Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, was the first member of the Russell family to make

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Fig. II. The West front of Woburn Abbey. The end pavilions are part of the XVIIth-century house. Their gables were removed and the Venetian windows inserted in the mid-XVIIIth century, when Flitcroft designed the block between, containing the 4th Duke's State Rooms.



OF BEDFORD AT WOBURN ABBEY Part I.

By EDWARD H. PINTO

his home in the, by then, much-dilapidated Abbey. He came to Woburn in 1626 and died of smallpox in 1641. In the intervening period, he rebuilt the Abbey as a family residence of four wings, occupying the same ground plan round a quadrangle. Of the XVIIth-century Woburn Abbey which the fourth Earl built, much of the north wing, refaced in the XVIIIth century, is incorporated in the present building. His son, the fifth Earl and first Duke, lived to the (then) great age of 87 and died in 1700. He did much to improve the Woburn estate and beautified the park and gardens. The family interest which he developed in the East India Company has significant effect on the furniture and furnishings of Woburn. For a fuller account of his interesting and eventful life I cannot do better than refer you to Miss Scott Thomson's *Life in a Noble Household*.

We can now jump the years to the period 1747-63, during which years John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford, rebuilt, decorated and furnished the west wing as a series of State apartments, and carried out other work to the buildings and grounds at a total cost of approximately £85,000. Although the Duke realised some necessity for rebuilding the old State apartments after approximately a hundred and twenty years, he probably did it somewhat unwillingly, for there is abundant evidence that he was very conservative in his taste. Unlike most men of his rank at that time, he did not want a completely new house, designed as an architectural congruity in the latest fashion; he was content to marry in new work with old and, in fact, the new was old in design when built. Henry Flitcroft was the architect employed, but he, "Palladian" in his outlook, was hampered by having to follow, very closely, designs prepared by Sanderson in 1733, with the further provisos that the west rooms were to follow the XVIIIth-century plans: the north and

south pavilions at the ends, left and right of Fig. II, were to be retained, albeit refenestrated, and heights could not be appreciably varied because of linking in with the south wing and the family living rooms in the north wing, which were to remain untouched, apart from cleaning, some new decoration and a small amount of refurnishing. In fact, the family continued to live in these sunless, north-facing rooms during the lifetime of the fourth Duke, and did not migrate to the south wing until the fifth Duke, Francis Russell, called in Sir Henry Holland to rebuild and redecorate it between 1787 and 1796.

The east wing, which contained the domestic quarters and kitchens, was, as already related, pulled down between 1947 and 1950, leaving a three-sided house, with an approach from the east, as shown in Fig. I. The new approach to the open courtyard and the classical elevations to the truncated north and south wings were designed by Professor Richardson, P.R.A.

As in most great country houses of the XVIIIth century, the principal rooms are on the first floor. Owing to the rise of the ground on the east side, the north-east corner and the first-floor rooms on the south side are virtually at ground floor levels. These rooms, all of which face outwards—that is away from the courtyard—intercommunicate, so that a continuous perambulation can be enjoyed from north-east to south-east extremities. Additionally, most of the rooms, apart from those in the north-west and south-west corners, are serviced from the north and south corridors on the courtyard sides of those wings, and from the long gallery, which connects the two and occupies the courtyard side of Flitcroft's west wing.

Inside the central entrance hall, on the ground floor of this block, are four day-beds from a large mahogany suite of very considerable interest, Fig. III. The remainder of



Fig. III. One of a pair of mahogany day-beds from a suite which has a strikingly similar characteristic to one designed by Benjamin Goodison for Viscount Folkestone.

the suite, comprising a pair of unusual settees, Fig. IV, each divided into three compartments and with quadrant ends, ten stools with rectangular tops 30 in. wide, Fig. V, and two similar ones 28 in. wide, is in the long gallery. No documents relating to this suite have survived, but I consider that there are good grounds for attributing it to Benjamin Goodison of "The Golden Spread Eagle" in Long Acre, one of the most important George II cabinet makers, who supplied furniture to the Royal palaces between about 1727 and 1767. Among his many distinguished patrons was Viscount Folkestone, who in 1740 bought a mahogany suite for Longford Castle. This suite has very unusual features resembling the one at Woburn, although the latter is much simpler, as one would expect from the fourth Duke's conservative taste. I think the Woburn suite is probably later, made about 1755, for the rebuilt long gallery. The fact that the then outmoded cabriole leg with Queen Anne pad foot was used for mid-XVIIIth-century seat furniture in mahogany was just what one would have expected from the fourth Duke, who knew what he liked and was not having any new-fangled nonsense. Later we will find that at the same period he was also ordering furniture in Virginia walnut, which by then was completely unfashionable.

The Longford Castle suite, which consists of two day-beds, two long stools and eight lesser stools, has lion paw feet, triple shells on the knees, with acanthus scrolls on the wings and pierced acanthus scrolls, centring on shells, below the seat rails and between the wings; the carving is parcel gilt. None of these elaborations occur on the Woburn suite, but both have mahogany fretted Greek key ornament and upper and lower mouldings running along the seat rail edges and *superimposed over the seat covering*, and arrangements of carved mahogany ornament pinned on the edges of the scroll ends, again *over the covering*. The Longford suite has a more elaborate Greek key than that at Woburn, and where the latter has scroll carvings on the ends the former uses a carved, interlaced motif. The Longford suite has reel-and-bead carved moulding above and egg-and-dart below the Greek key, while both the upper and lower Woburn mouldings are plain. Both suites, however, have this very unusual and highly impractical feature of using ornamental woodwork as a mask for the tacks holding the covering. The Longford suite is still covered with its original green silk damask. The Woburn suite has been recovered in a red serge-like cloth and inevitably, in taking off and replacing the ornament, the wood mouldings and fretwork have become damaged. Possibly other suites were finished in a similar manner and when the superimposed ornament became damaged it was discarded. Probably this was a short-lived fashion which was soon found to be unsound and it may well be that Chippendale, in his *Director*, was referring to its passing when he said of chairs, "... sometimes the Nails



Fig. IV. One of a pair of unusual settees from the same suite. Above can be seen part of the famous Armada picture of Queen Elizabeth.

are done to imitate Fretwork."

No mention of Goodison occurs in the very incomplete Woburn accounts, but against this it should be noted that Goodison worked extensively for Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who was grandmother of the first wife of the fourth Duke of Bedford, who ordered this furniture. Moreover, Sarah not only visited Woburn more than once, but in 1740 she bought a house in Dover Street for another granddaughter, and Goodison bid for the house for her and carried out work for her there, with *Flitcroft as architect*. So there are a number of reasons, apart from furniture design resemblances, why it is likely that Goodison worked at Woburn. Perhaps the best of all is shown by Fig. VI, which is one of ten Virginia walnut chairs, all alike, which may possibly have been bought for the new State dining-room. The chisel-cut Roman numbers under the seat frames show that there were originally at least thirteen, but there may have been more, and if my surmise about the dining-room is correct, there would have been an even number. It should not be assumed, however, that sets for other rooms were necessarily ordered in even numbers: in the XVIIIth century, the designer-manufacturers waited on their noble patrons with their design books or drawings and the nobility did not order stereotype "suites"—they bought just what furniture they required for particular purposes, or to occupy given spaces. Among the Russell accounts are several bills for odd numbers of chairs, mostly of Virginia walnut, for which the fourth Duke seems to have had a great penchant.

These distinguished chairs, Fig. VI, are covered now with the same serge-like red cloth as the Grecian key suite already described. The back uprights, splats and legs are elegantly curved and the head-rail and lower terminal of the splats unusually boldly scrolled outwards. The back uprights and headrail are veneered with burry figured walnut and the four curved and interconnected pierced splats are carved on the solid with pendant tassels and scrolls where they meet the head-rails. Apart from the lack of parcel gilt enrichment, nearly all the remaining features to be described so closely resemble those on Goodison's Longford Castle suite that there can be no reasonable doubt that they are from the same hand.

In both suites there are lion-paw feet with four carefully

THE FURNITURE AT WOBURN ABBEY



Fig. V. One of the twelve stools, with heavily tasselled loose cushions, which complete this imposing suite.

carved talons to each foot. On the knees are carved triple shells (those on the Longford suite have a much more definitely layered projection of one shell over another). Both suites have acanthus leaves on the wings. Finally, there is the feature of superimposed carved moulding over the covering of the rails, and at both Woburn and Longford the upper moulding on the rails is carved with reel-and-bead, and the lower with egg-and-dart enrichment. The key fret which is found on the Longford suite between the upper and lower mouldings is missing at Woburn, but a glance at the design suggests that it is, in fact, incomplete, and I have no doubt that if the covering is removed the pin-holes of the fret fixing will be found. It must be remembered that the Longford suite has its original covering, the Woburn suite has not, and this, added to the fact that the Woburn suite is of walnut and the Longford suite of mahogany, is reason enough why the Woburn frets have not survived. Mahogany has a closely interlocked grain, which is admirable for fret cutting; walnut does not possess this characteristic, and there must have been many casualties in removing the fretting for recovering the chairs. At Longford the fretting was mitred at the angles, but at Woburn the lengths on each face would have been separated by the acanthus carved angles, which are superimposed over the upholstery and fit down behind the shells.

Scattered in various parts of the Abbey are fine quality chairs and stools of a hall suite of the Chippendale Director period. They are of an uncommon design, Fig. VII, made more unusual by the fact that they are constructed of Virginia walnut, as is so much furniture of the 1750-60 period at Woburn. I found the stools, four in number, before I discovered the four chairs, and the curious proportions and the section of the projecting curvilinear moulding above the apron piece, carved with flowers and ribbons, suggested at once that this was the edge of the real top and that the buttoned upholstery was an addition. It was easy to check that the solid concave seats were still in existence, and, by comparing them with the chairs, interesting to see how much more handsome the stools would look if the upholstery, covered with the ubiquitous red cloth, were removed.

Whilst the design of the inter-



Fig. VI. A distinguished Virginia walnut chair from a series of thirteen in the north corridor. These chairs may almost certainly be ascribed to Goodison.

laced carved and pierced back, the concave seat, the slender ankles and wide, inward-scrolling toes are unusual, there are other examples known and some arm-chairs in a room in Worcester Lodge, Badminton House, Gloucestershire, have a particularly close affinity. The fine proportions and the crispness of the carving bespeak a first-class designer and craftsman. Unfortunately, no descriptive documents for this suite seem to survive, but it is possible that they may be the work of Samuel Norman, who executed much work for the fourth Duke.

Among the furniture bills at Woburn which intrigued me greatly was one, dated 1760, from this same Samuel Norman, Cabinet Maker, Carver, etc., at the Royal Tapestry Manufactory, Soho Square:

For fourteen neat carved Virginia walnut chairs partly gilt and varnished, stuffed backs and seats in Linen Quilted and covered with Your Grace's silk damask, for materials and backing d^o. in the French manner with fine crimson



Fig. VII. An unusual and very striking chair and stool of fine quality, made of Virginia walnut. There are four chairs and four stools of this pattern at Woburn Abbey.



Fig. VIII. Two Virginia walnut chairs of a suite which are here identified as made in 1760 by Samuel Norman "Sculptor and Carver to their Majesties, at the Royal Tapestry Manufactory, Soho Square". Seven of the surviving chairs retain their original varnish and gilding; the other five have been stripped.

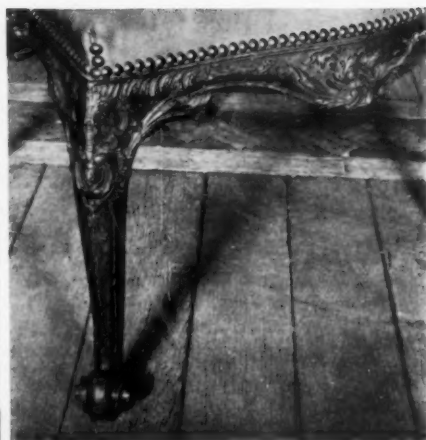


Fig. IX. Detail of the elegant outlines and crisp carving of the leg and part of the seat rail of one of these chairs.

	£	s.	d.
serge finished complete with the best double gilt nails	58	16	0
For 14 scarlet check petticoat cases to d°.	5	5	0
For 14 fine flannel cases to d°.	3	17	0
For 2 neat Elbow chairs d°. on castors	10	8	0
For 2 very good check cases to d°.	1	5	0
For 2 fine flannel cases to d°.	19	0	
For a very large easy elbow chair with a feather cushion and bolster to match the above finished in the best manner	9	8	0
For a fine flannel case to d°. made complete	19	6	
For a scarlet check case to d°.	1	5	0
For a large grand sofa French shap'd richly carved, partly gilt and varnished, double cushions to the back and bolsters. For materials and back backed with fine serge neatly finished with double rows of best double gilt nails	23	18	0
For a large fine flannel case to d°. and making complete	2	17	6
For a fine scarlet check case to d°. complete	3	15	0

Now chairs which in 1760 cost four guineas each, excluding the silk damask, would be very important, as befitting the fact that they were ordered for the grand saloon. I felt, therefore, that if they had survived they ought to be reasonably easy to identify.

There are several sets or parts of sets of walnut chairs at Woburn, of fine quality and in the French taste of 1760, but all that I could find numbered only four or five of a pattern and none were part gilded or varnished. Most of them are in the long gallery, and made more confusing by all being covered alike in the usual red cloth, of which literally hundreds of yards must have been used for seat furniture in the Abbey.

The pattern of chair which I really felt filled the "Norman" bill, both for quality and design, was the buttoned or quilted Virginia walnut chair, left of Fig. VIII, of which there are five in the long gallery. But they show no trace of either gilding or varnish, and they are now dark in colour and in harmony with the mahogany furniture among which they are mixed; so bearing in mind that there were only five and it was hardly likely that nine such superb chairs out of a set would have been destroyed, sold or given away, I decided to keep my hunch to myself. Then one day,

walking through the Duke's private library, I stopped in amazement at a chair upholstered in green satin, right of Fig. VIII, not quilted, but surely with the same details and outlines, the same rococo motifs, superbly carved, a *Virginia walnut chair, partly gilt and varnished*. Walking further, I found six more chairs the same, making twelve out of the original fourteen. Under the satin of the back, one could feel the old quilting still extant. The varnish has preserved the original light colour of the walnut on the chair on the right, which is much paler than that on the left. Varnish may seem a cheap finish to have used on a first-quality chair, but it was a French fashion of the period and these chairs were in the French taste. Only the previous year, 1759, the Royal Society of Arts had offered a reward of £20 for "... making one quart at least of the best, most transparent and colourless varnish equal in all respects to Martin's at Paris." Some of the surviving Chippendale bills describe furniture as varnished.

Fig. IX shows the detail of the carving on the leg and rail of one of Samuel Norman's walnut chairs at Woburn. To bring out the outlines clearly, I have selected one of the five chairs from which the gilding and varnish have been removed. It will be seen that Norman employed first-class carvers and that the firm was expert in getting a real French feeling of asymmetry into their compositions. Until now, the only documented suite which is probably by Norman has been that made for Sir Laurence Dundas and designed by Robert Adam, of which Ralph Edwards and the late Margaret Jourdain, in *Georgian Cabinet-Makers*, said "... the cabinetmaker's individuality does not emerge." This new discovery, which may assist in further identification of furniture by this maker, also helps to bring out the individuality, and shows Norman's firm as accomplished exponents of the rococo, skilled in the use and scale of its vocabulary of ornament. This is not surprising, because in the period when this suite was ordered, Norman had as partner James Whittle, a carver and gilder, and, somewhat earlier, also John Mayhew, who, in his later partnership with Ince, produced the book *Universal System of Household Furniture* (1759-63). Unfortunately I have found no trace of the three elbow-chairs and the "large grand sofa" of this fine suite at Woburn.

(To be continued)

Note: Readers are advised to retain this article, because in later ones in the series reference will be made to plates in Part I.

EVENTS IN PARIS

THE Musée d'Art Moderne has an exhibition, "Jeunes peintres," which purports to be a cross-section of contemporary young painters, but turns out to be re-hash of 1920 abstractionism. A few exceptions—like Britain's Alan Reynolds—offer more painterly qualities, but the rest are just what the dictionary calls "taking away, stealing . . . absence of mind"—in other words, abstraction. The very fact of the State's principal museum of contemporary art being used as a fair for abstractionists is in itself a dreadful waste of fine white wall, but I willingly agree that abstract painters should not be persecuted, that they must exhibit their stuff somewhere; and perhaps it is just as well that painters who take away everything except a few pretty colours, steal their way into critics' pages on the grounds that they are using brushes, canvases and pigment, and leave the audience, I imagine, with total and perfect absence of mind—perhaps it is just as well that these should be all lumped together. All the same, the exhibition is something of a confidence trick, in view of the museum's reputation and the promising title of the show. One is tempted to say that anyone can paint abstract paintings, that an exhibition almost as plastically competent and almost certainly more exciting could be produced by arresting ten men in the street, obliging them to drink a pint of whisky apiece and giving them a canvas and palette. I often wonder if certain critics do not praise abstract painting because they feel that if *that* is painting, then *they* could paint too. As one critic who has about as much talent for painting as a plough hand, I should like to admit that what makes me so suspicious of abstract painting is that I imagine I could do it myself.

A collection of pictures of astonishing force by Balgley, a Russian painter who lived in France till his early death twenty years ago, has been gathered together by his daughter at the Galerie Marcel Bernheim. Balgley began with a Douanier Rousseau period to which he himself attached little importance and then, simultaneously with the last "naïve" canvases, he plunged into the fanciful, tortured world that made of him a sort of Soutine or Chagall *avant la lettre*, an experimenter in puissant dark pigment that makes his prefacist, Claude Roger-Marx, think, reasonably enough, of Rembrandt. Balgley's style is so personal and his *métier* so sure that one wonders why we have not been shown his work before (there has been only one previous posthumous exhibition, and that was in 1939). A painter of such sensitivity deserves to be more widely known.

The Maison de la Pensée Française groups numerous posters, plans for posters, engravings and lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec. Everything has been said and re-said about Toulouse-Lautrec, but he is usually looked at for his genius with form alone. In point of fact, the emotional side of his pictures is just as great: he is one of the few painters whose most scabrous works, clearly inspired on many occasions by pure sexual delight, rarely topple over into facility. Eroticism has a strangely chaste charm in the hands of such a brilliant drawer as Toulouse-Lautrec.

A fine collection of post-war romanticists at the Monique de Groote—Lersy, Commère, Vignoles, Verdier and others—was followed by a one-man exhibition of Commère, whose talent grows surer with time and who is often now comparable to Jansem and Minaux, more free from anecdoticism than the former and more hardy in his colours than Minaux.

Joseph Pressmane had a fine exhibition at the Galerie St. Placide. Pressmane, who won the Prix de la Critique in 1951, and has since won two other prizes, is a 51-year-old Polish-born painter who somehow belongs in feeling to the post-war French school of young romanticists. But the Slav *apport* is definitely there, too, in his naïve treatment of figures, and Pressmane balances his post-war feeling with a nostalgia for times gone by that is shown by recurring elements in his city-scapes. Pressmane's carefully chosen palette and idealised landscapes have an appeal both for the mind and the senses. He is a painter who, partly by his background and his duality of nationalities, is able to bear witness particularly well to the mental tug-of-war which is imposed on us all by the schizophrenic nature of the modern subjective tragedy. Unlike Lorjou or Jansem, to the same "school" as whom he more or less belongs, contempt is absent from his work.

Probably even more gifted but as yet less successful in expressing himself is the promising young painter Guerrier, who exhibits again at the Galerie Stiebel. Guerrier follows in the train of Minaux—the palette, the peasant subjects and the



BALGLEY.

Vue de Paris

Gal. Marcel Bernheim

technique are very similar; but Guerrier mixes this method with a certain taste for cubical constructions and harsh counter-effects which seem to me inappropriate. Some of his canvases seem rushed and facile, and suggest an *ébauche* for something bigger. His largest canvas, a studio scene, lacks presence: it is an intimate subject treated on a too grandiose format. Guerrier is still searching. Even when his construction is most faulty he has the saving grace of not having aimed too high, as though he sensed his limitations. He is young and he is worth watching and worth encouraging.

The distinguished new Galerie Heim is showing thirty new acquisitions in the old-master field, including a beautiful, large Chardin still-life. Chardin is best loved for his modest subjects, yet this one has a slightly pompous air that is not unpleasant: it is what dealers call a *beau morceau*, a piece of mature virtuosity. There is a fine little Claude Le Lorrain and an exquisite river- and town-scape by Jan van Goyen. Louis Le Nain's gently poetic picture of "Theseus Abandoning Ariadne"—the two principal figures seen as children of puberty age—is of striking composition and feeling. In the midst of all these masterpieces a simpering Nattier portrait is there to remind us that even mediocrity lasts in the strange battle for posterity. Where could one hang a Nattier? Could anything be more pessimistic than to live with such a worthless mind? I should feel more at ease with Picasso's "Guernica" screaming its horror off the wall: at least that only makes us think of the relatively poetic despair of the battlefield.

Other exhibitions include recent paintings by Humblot, one of the better academic landscapists, at the Galerie Romanet, an exhibition of Etruscan art and civilisation at the Louvre, some exquisite drawings and water-colours by Hokusai at the Galerie Place des Vosges, Portuguese landscapes by G.-A. Klein at the Galerie Bernier, and an excellent collection of young painters under the title "La Nouvelle Vague" at the Galerie Framond.

A new gallery-bookshop-record shop is that opened by Jean Held at 6 rue Monsieur le Prince. This Latin Quarter haunt will be open till midnight every night for anyone who cares to browse and talk, and the atmosphere is sympathetic. The tendency in plastic art is in favour of the abstractionists, and the gallery starts off with a pleasantly coloured collection of ink patterns by a young Persian painter, Nasser Assar. R. W. H.



Napoleon III "Chinese" Salon in a country house.



Salon of General and Madame Pierre Billotte.

Photos by André Ostier.

FRENCH PERIOD DECORATION

In the Mode of Henri Samuel of Alavoine

By IAN SKYE

IN the period decoration field, M. Henri Samuel, the director of the Paris company Alavoine, counts among France's "Big Three," with Jansen and Carlhian. Samuel's work has been mostly confined to sumptuous private dwellings; but he has also reached the wider public through his commercial work, including that for the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo, some leading Paris shops, the new dining cars on the French railways, including the special one built for the President of the Republic, and the new upstairs dining-room—called the *Impériale*, the name that was given to the upper deck of horse-drawn buses, and chosen because the room beneath is known as the *Omnibus*—at Chez Maxim's.

Samuel tries in his work to fight against the classic legend of the dictatorial decorator who makes a home in which only a decorator could live.

"I think that each house and each apartment should reflect the personality of its occupier, should be really his or her home," he says. "Except here and there, the decorator should always conceal his influence and leave the impression of a house furnished by its owner."

Samuel believes it characteristic of the time to have a simple, unpretentious decoration, even in large dwellings, and although he rejects all question of "fashionable trends" he admits that Empire and Directoire are much in favour at present. His own tastes run from Louis XVI to Louis-Philippe, but he tries to be as eclectic as possible.

"Each house inspires me differently and calls for different furnishing," he says.

Most non-French people regard the jumbling up of different periods and different styles as a typically French fault. Samuel has made a point of turning this fault into an aesthetic virtue. He regularly mixes different periods of furniture where this is possible, and he is particularly keen on putting modern paintings into a period furniture setting. Among style mixtures he favours are Louis XIII or Louis

XIV, with the quilted-upholstery seats and *canapés* of the Second Empire in large chateau-style houses. He is at present at work on a country house—his favourite "subject"—in which the ground floor will be Louis XIII, with a *hotte* chimneypiece and rafters, but interspersed with XVIIIth- and XIXth-century furniture. "The important thing is that everything should look as though it has always been there, as though the XVIIIth- and XIXth-century occupiers of the house had just added to the original scheme." But, after speaking in favour of any style or styles, Samuel hastens to add: "But all styles interest me—Gothic, for instance; I haven't done any Gothic for ages. . . ."

Samuel welcomes new touches in modern apartments—one of his recent interiors included silvery-lacquer, gilded furniture of Chinese and Japanese inspiration—but avoids anything which he thinks may not resist the effect of time on taste.

"Of course, I should like to create a style of my own which would be the alliance of elegance and practicalness, a modern style which would compare with the old styles," Samuel says. "But so far I have not seen anything which really satisfies me in contemporary, and it is difficult to forge a style of one's own."

Samuel attaches the greatest importance to the colour schemes, and chooses all materials with care. Everything in a decorated house down to the door knobs or the *espagnolettes* of the window sashes come under scrutiny. "The smallest details are immensely important," he says.

The choice of paintings he usually leaves to the client—who generally maintains that prerogative jealously, in any case. He has had to make period furniture fit in with all modern schools, from the Impressionists to the Abstractionists, but admits difficulty in fitting in certain painting, such as XVIIIth-century portraiture, anywhere.

He is watchful for the more practical side of his duties, and says that the "practical is often just as important as the

FRENCH PERIOD DECORATION



"Mixing": Louis XVI chairs, Louis XV desk-table, Empire clock, Second Empire occasional table and pouf, modern side tables and sofa seat, XVIIIth-century, Empire and modern lamps, modern window, draped walls.

aesthetic." He advises people against trying to make a 1950 apartment look too "period"—for example, by putting in panelling which does not harmonise with the generous window space of modern buildings or the cubical walls. "But sometimes I am obliged to do it against my conscience," he says.

Among his clients Samuel includes several members of the Rothschild family, Major Paul-Louis Weiller, M. Maurice Solvey, General Billotte (at the time of writing,

Defence Minister), the writer Louise de Vilmorin and the French Embassy in Lisbon. And as previously mentioned, visitors to Paris can always see one rather specialised example of his work at Maxim's, where he has replaced the former bar with a charcoal grill and redecorated the room in a manner that preserves the "1900" atmosphere, with its generous gilt and its use of pseudo-Louis XVI.

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Nature Morte



Self Portrait

BERNARD BUFFET

The Romanticist of the Lean Years

BERNARD BUFFET, who has been lionised by the Paris art world since the age of nineteen, when he won the Prix de la Critique, is as timid to-day as when he started. His very lionisation has gone on largely in his absence, for if on occasion he has been persuaded to go to a few *soirées* given by his collectors, or to mondain receptions at which the picture-buying rich would appreciate a glimpse of his lanky figure and furtive smile, it has always been a torture to which the artist has submitted largely against his conscience.

At twenty-seven, Buffet is as chronically timid as ever, and in interview he hops delicately from one evasive answer to another with about as much assurance as the proverbial cat on a hot tin roof or a South American minister of finance being asked what he has done with the budget.

The critics have often felt, and said, that Buffet's artistic career has been "puffed," like Picasso's. And it is true that his launching on the Paris art world has been a sort of French equivalent to the launching of a new detergent on American television. The mistake would be to condemn the paintings because of the bluster and ballyhoo: secretly one wonders whether painters who criticise Buffet as a charlatan do not envy the successful salesmanship with which his paintings have been put across by those whose job is, after all, to promote the commercial value of his canvases.

At all costs, the painter himself is a highly likeable young man, introverted and retiring, a highly typical—because exaggerated—member of our lost post-war generation, a man whose only thought is painting and who is glad

that his extraordinary success with buyers (he tells me he can sell every painting he does, which is more than, say, Léger or even Braque could boast) has permitted him to paint freely, when he likes, in one or other of his two comfortable country houses.

His triumph is certainly enormous. His pictures sell for from £200 to £2,000, and he has been known on occasion to paint ten canvases in a week.

Buffet was born in Paris in 1928 and lost his mother while still young. His childhood, of which he speaks little, and with an obvious desire not to speak of it at all, was clearly a joyless one which his excessive sensibility made harder still. He was expelled from school, where he showed aptitude in only one subject—drawing.

"It might have been happier," he says of his childhood, cautiously, and asked of his relations with his father after his mother's death he says simply: "I've always been pretty independent."

The Buffets were poor. "Perhaps the first essentials of life weren't always lacking, but the second ones were," he explains with a nervous smile.

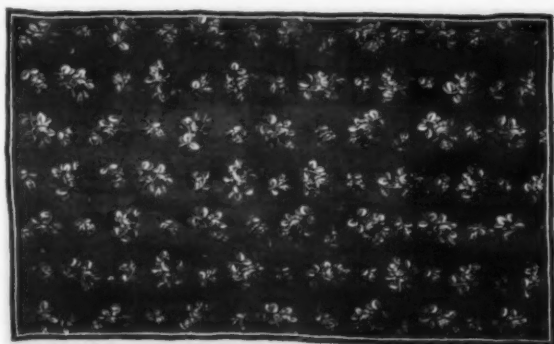
In 1944, when he was still only fifteen, he went to the Beaux-Arts, which he left a year later after deciding it did not offer the formation he needed. He says he had always envisaged painting as a career, and from the few early teenage paintings that still exist—mostly still-lives in which the fish and wine-bottle of poor painters predominate—it is clear that his style developed early. The enormous romanticism of Buffet's work is of a more primary nature in the early work, the *touche* is more sketchy and impressionistic, but

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La Table
Collection David Gibbs

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Both photographs
Courtesy Arthur Tooth & Son



the affinity with the gaunt murals he does to-day is always evident.

In 1948, just before his twentieth birthday, he received the Prix de la Critique, *ex-æquo* with Lorjou, and became, overnight, the most controversial painter of modern times.

I asked Buffet recently what old masters had influenced his work.

"Courbet," he said; then, after a pause: "And the Primitives, of course."

I suggested Breughel the Elder and Goya.

"True," said Buffet, "but in my case there is no intentional literature."

We discussed whether romantic painting could be anything but literary in intentions, especially a series like the painter's "Horreur de la Guerre" (not to be confused with the Goya title: Buffet does not express the horrors, plural, of war, but his own subjective horror of war). Buffet concluded on this subject: "Of course, there must be something in the subconscious. As you say, if I hadn't known war I wouldn't have painted war, I might have painted flowers, but a painting is just a painting, after all, just lines and colour. I paint what I feel like painting, not what I want to say."

We talked about subjects and I pointed to a large grey and black and white picture, hanging on a nearby wall, of a church altar. Buffet said he was a Catholic, but not enough of one to go to church, and he denied any religious motive.

"I happened to be in a church and I found the subject, just like that; those greys and blacks, the position of the cross on the altar cloth, interested me."

"You might just as easily have painted a shop."

"Certainly—a butcher's slaughter yard, for instance."

"There was, then, no religious feeling in the picture at all?"

"None whatsoever."

I remarked that his seascapes of two years ago had been for many a refreshing change from the geometrical fixedness of his usual paintings. I asked what had led him to drop that style.

"It was just a momentary attraction. I was in Brittany—it's a country I like."

And with a nervous gesture, the voice trails off. Buffet has fantastic difficulty expressing himself and it is understandable that he has always declined to be interviewed. In monosyllabic spurts he tries to achieve an answer, falls short of what he means and stops. He is obviously embarrassed by the banality of his replies. At first one thinks he is concealing part of his thoughts, but finally one's cynicism is overcome and one sees that he finds it painfully difficult to talk about anything.

When he talks of a "country I like" he means dark, severe scenery. His farm near Forcalquier in the Upper Alps crouches against the forbidding rock like something out of a murder story—the Drummond family were, in fact, massacred not far from there. And near Auvers, where he lives in winter, if the country-side is less austere, it has nothing of the usual charm of the Ile de France. He hates Paris and crowds.

Buffet travels little—a brief tour of Italian museums has been his only trip abroad. He dislikes all hot or exotic climates and hates living in hotels. The central Spanish mountain region is on his list of one-day-to-be-visited places, but there is no hurry. In October, 1956, he will go to New York for his exhibition there and he shudders already at the idea that he will have to go to numerous parties. London may also see him next year.

I asked him what he thought the trend of painting was likely to be in the next decades.

"There is a return to tradition," he said. "It was necessary. The influence of Picasso was very bad. He destroyed everything and he carried with him a pile of people. I think there's a reaction developing now. Painting will be very figurative, I think."

I asked Buffet why he always painted such huge pictures.

"I express myself better on a big canvas," he said. "And that's another thing—the real easel painting is dying out. Painting's more mural."

I pointed out that mural painting had usually served a political or religious purpose. I asked Buffet if he thought it would be a good or a bad thing if painters were to be told what subjects to paint.

"Imposed subjects would be a fine thing," Buffet said. "They're more difficult—the discipline would be good."

"Would you like to paint imposed subjects?"

"I certainly would," Buffet said, adding that some collectors had already ordered paintings from him on fixed subjects.

"So you feel there's been too much liberty?" I suggested.

"I think so. Look at abstract painting, which has somehow survived itself and still goes on. It limits terribly the value (*la portée*) of painting. Just try to tell the difference between five different abstract painters!"

"How can one go on from a painting by Mondriaan, for instance? One of his pictures showed a line on a background. What comes next? Only two possibilities—first, an unpainted canvas; second, no canvas at all. . . . It's very restricted, all that stuff. It's more academic than the academism of 1880."

Buffet has no ideas at all on anything except painting—or so, at least, he says. He is "no reformer," and his political opinions—he has been described as "very left," presumably because of "Horror of War"—are simplicity itself: "We live much better now than during the Occupation, don't we? Let's hope it lasts." He lives surrounded by middle ages and heavy rustic furniture, and by XIXth-century dust catchers. He clearly prefers lived-in places and lived-in furniture to anything new, dislikes modern decoration, chairs, etc., and perhaps partly expresses these feelings in painting by his attitude to the human figure, which is clearly his favourite subject.

"After all, the human figure is the most important of painting subjects, isn't it," he declares with unusual insistence. "A man says something more to the spectator than a tree or a landscape. He goes further."

I said many people found all his figures ugly.

"We must see things as they are," he murmured, looking away furtively. Then, with a boyish grin: "I saw some women looking at one of my pictures once and they said the women in it were monstrous. But the women who were talking looked to me even more monstrous. They didn't want to see themselves as they were."

Buffet is so sincere and sounds so convincing that I was beginning to believe that everybody did have pot-bellies and shrunken breasts. I made a last bid for the sculptural figure.

"All the same," I said, "some people aren't monstrous at all. Some people are very beautiful, by human standards. Why are there no beautiful figures at all in your paintings?"

"There must be one or two—eh—somewhere," said Buffet, trailing off again.

I looked at a Buffet figure. It still seemed dishumanised.

"Do you use a live model?" I asked.

"No—or only very rarely."

"Do you use professional models?"

"Never."

"You wouldn't be inspired, then, say, by Gina Lollobrigida at all?"

The accommodating schoolboy grin came back again.

"Oh, yes, why not?"

I said that all his pictures gave off a strong feeling of sadness.

"It's not intentional," Buffet said, repeating again: "Pictures are lines, colours, not ideas."

"But your character comes out in your paintings. After all, there are Buffet subjects and a Buffet style. No one else paints like you do." I was thinking of his skeletal figures, starved rabbits and skinny chickens.

"True, the subconscious is there. But I can't know about that, can I? With a different childhood, without the war—yes, of course. The influence on the conscience. . . ." He trailed off.

"You have a very obvious sense of humour," I said.

"Do you think it would be too trivial to let it appear in your paintings?"

"Precisely. Painting isn't an amusing thing. It isn't funny." He opened his mouth to develop this, but after an awkward pause nothing came and he turned away.

"Do you paint easily or with difficulty?"

"It varies. Some paintings come very easily. Some are all sorts of trouble. Those that come more easily are sometimes the best and sometimes the worst."

"Is it a pleasure or a torture for you to paint?"

"Let us say, rather, an absence. Nothing else matters when I paint."

I asked about his latest pictures.

"More colour," said Buffet. "Definitely more colour." Pressed, he said: "Reds—reds and blues."

"Restrained, I presume."

"Pretty restrained."

There was a long silence. "Is there anything you would like to add to give a more complete picture of your ideas?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Buffet, clearly glad that the interrogation was over. "No, nothing, really."

GEORGES DE LA TOUR

Out of the Shadows, a Chiaroscurist

THE poetry of Georges de la Tour's world lifts him out of that "Realist" group to which he is normally relegated. The intensely religious nature and theatrical lighting of his canvases is such that only a few bear comparison with that school of whom Louis Le Nain was the best-known exponent. For some time, many La Tour works, such as the "Adoration des bergers" in the Louvre and even the "Nouveau-né" (presumed to be a Nativity also) were attributed to Le Nain, and in the former it is noticeable that the moustached shepherd resembles one of Le Nain's peasant models. But during the long period when La Tour's work was given numerous other attributions, most of the canvases, and especially the best, were attributed to the Spanish School or, occasionally, to "a pupil of Caravaggio's" or "Vermeer in his youth."

A number of connoisseurs have drawn La Tour out of obscurity in comparatively recent times, notably Paul Jamot, F.-G. Pariset, Hermann Voss and Charles Sterling. It was thanks to these, and several others who made important contributions to the general study of the painter, that a Lorrainer chiaroscuro school and finally its undoubted leader were identified.

By ROBERT MacDONALD

Oddly enough, the Museum at Nantes had in its collections all through the XIXth century two signed pictures by La Tour, the "Reniement de Saint-Pierre" (dated 1650, two years before the painter's death) and the "Ange apparaissant à Saint-Joseph endormi." The latter was attributed first—a feat of intellectual acrobatics, this—to the syrupy pastelist, Quentin de La Tour, then to the little-known Antoine Leblond de Latour; finally the 1913 catalogue showed for both pictures: "G. Delatour, unknown XVIIth-century French artist." The correct attribution was made by Voss in 1915 in the *Archiv für Kunstgeschichte*, but met at the time with controversy.

Various documents came to light, such as the *Du Mesnil-la-Tour, peintre*, written by an obscure Nancy architect in 1863; in this work, the author confessed that no known work by the painter whose brief and obscure biography he was writing had yet been found. Art historians began re-reading such works as *Le Livre des peintres et des graveurs* by the Abbé de Marolles (1673), *Bibliothèque lorraine* by Dom Calmet (Nancy, 1751), *Nobiliaire de la Lorraine* by Dom Pelletier (Nancy, 1758) and *Description de la Lorraine et du Barrois* by Durival (Nancy, 1779),



Saint-Sébastien, Berlin version. In this version, La Tour allows the light to take more geometrical liberties with the figures, hands, etc. The hooded figure in the centre is almost out of sight, save for her praying hands.



Saint Sébastien, Bois-Anzéray version. This version, possibly a copy of the Berlin one by La Tour's son Etienne, brings the hooded head more prominently into the construction and fuses the light and the shadows in the traditional, more realistic not so clearcut chiaroscuro manner.

and bit by bit the unknown painter's life came to public knowledge.

Georges de la Tour (the additional title of nobility "du Mesnil" belongs only to his painter son Etienne, who was made Lieutenant-General of the bailiffship of Lunéville, and the latter's descendants) was born at Vic-sur-Seille on March 19th, 1593, and settled at Lunéville circa 1620. He married Diane Le Nerf in 1621 and became a father the same year. The name La Tour begins to appear on the Lunéville records from 1618 onwards and is presumed to refer to the painter. He lived in this town nearly all his life and had a reputation there for being snobbish (as the "de" in his name implies, he was of noble birth), selfish, hard-hearted with his tenants and a regular filer of suits in the courts. He became Painter Ordinary to the King sometime before 1646, the first discovered date on which the title is mentioned beside his name, and presumably before 1643, date of the death of Louis XIII, who was a great admirer of the painter and therefore the monarch most likely to have given him the pension.

Louis XIII is believed to have been the only French king to have had any real instruction in painting and to have painted pictures himself. Dom Calmet records that when La Tour presented the king with his "Saint-Sébastien pleuré par Sainte-Irène" (sometimes called "Saint-Sébastien pleuré par les saintes femmes"), which art historians date as circa 1640, the king ordered all other paintings to be removed from his chamber except that one. This is presumably the astonishing masterpiece in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum in Berlin, first attributed to Vermeer. (A hypothesis is that La Tour was made Painter Ordinary in recompense for this picture.) La Tour painted the same subject for Charles IV, Duke of Lorraine, and this version, untraced as yet, may be the one of inferior composition which Jean Le Clerc engraved (engraving in Rouen Museum); in emitting this hypothesis, I am presuming that La Tour would not have made the

diplomatic mistake of giving the duke a replica—i.e., the "same picture" as he gave the king—and that the duke's present would have to be inferior. A replica of the Berlin "Saint-Sébastien" is in Bois-Anzéray church in Normandy; it is slightly less superb than the Berlin picture, less courageous in the use of penumbra and black, and in the cubistic *raccourcis* practised on the features and forms of the figures, and is thought by Charles Sterling to be a copy of the Berlin one, probably executed by the painter's son Etienne. Attribution to the father is still made, however (v. catalogue, "Caravage et les peintres français," Galerie Heim, Paris, 1955.) Documents reveal that another "Saint-Sébastien" was painted by La Tour in 1649. Pariset, in his Sorbonne doctorate thesis on La Tour, hypothesises that the subject was chosen so frequently because Saint Sebastian was thought to be a special protection against the plague, then endemic in Lorraine.

Another very famous La Tour picture is the "Madeleine à la veilleuse" (Louvre) which Jamot wanted to buy from the then owner, Camille Terff, in 1941, when the latter was ill and short of money, to present to the Louvre. Jamot had a collection of paintings, already willed to the Louvre, and wanted to sell some to buy the La Tour; but meanwhile, Terff disposed of it through a dealer on the understanding that the picture would not be sold to a German. On his deathbed, Terff learned that the buyer was Cologne Museum, and a few hours before he died he signed a plaint which led to the museum being obliged to restore the canvas, in 1946, to Terff's heirs, who gave it to the nation. A "Madeleine au miroir," less courageous in its cubistic chiaroscuro effects, is in a private French collection.

The use of candle or torch flame for lighting, as against oil lamps, links La Tour with Le Nain and even more with Honthorst, whom the Italians called Gherardo delle Notti. La Tour also used diurnal light, notably in "Le Tricheur," presumably an early work, acquired by M. Pierre Landry in

GEORGES DE LA TOUR

1931 and signed "Georgius Delatour fecit," and in "Le joueur de vielle" (Nantes), attributed for over a hundred years to "the Spanish School," to Murillo, to Velasquez, to Zurbaran, to Herrera the Elder, to Mayno, later to "a pupil of Caravaggio's or Ribera's," finally to Rizzi. Similarities of palette, treatment of cloth and of hands led to "Le Tricheur" being linked in authorship with the pictures of Saint Jerome in Stockholm and Grenoble. Paul Jamot calls the Grenoble one a copy of a La Tour, though the museum gives the full attribution.

From what we know of La Tour's character he was a hard man whose goodness and religious piety could only find release in his paintings. He had a great gift not only for El Greco-like dramatism ("St-François en extase") but also and above all for bringing great subjects down to everyday levels. His angel warning St. Joseph to flee into Egypt is a little girl in Lorrainer clothes, and his virgin mothers are simple Lorrainer peasant women in local costume. Like Tintoretto, he exalts black. La Tour balances the "Spanish" drama of death and eternity with a French desire to avoid terror in painting and replace it with *douceur* and intellectuality.

A chronology of La Tour's paintings is as yet impossible. The daylight ones seem mostly to belong to his youth, as do such inferior works as the "Adoration des bergers" in the Louvre. Chiaroscuro he learned either from painters returning from studies with Caravaggio and Guido in Rome (Le Clerc returned to Nancy in 1622) or from Honthorst during a hypothetical visit to nearby Holland or, as Jamot presumes, from a period in the studio of a Caravaggio pupil such as Battistello during which the painter was presumably strongly impressed by Honthorst, who might well have been a pupil in Rome at the same time. Only conjecture is possible, but this theory is appealing, both because it would have been natural for the two Northerners to have become friends in Rome and also because one hesitates to accept such a turning point in a great artist's life being made to

depend entirely on second-hand information from lesser painters like Le Clerc. Even if chiaroscuro first interested La Tour at second-hand and through engravings, could he have resisted the journey to Rome with all its obvious advantages for a painter of his bent? He was never short of money to make the journey.

Jamot writes: "One has reason to believe that, like many Lorrainer artists of his time, he was in Rome at a moment when the influence of Caravaggio and his more or less direct disciples was preponderant," without, however, developing what these reasons are, and later refers to La Tour "returning from Rome, where he must have been struck by the lighting effects familiar to Honthorst."

More works by La Tour will presumably come to light in the future and many such mysteries about the man and his *œuvre* may be solved when they do.

Principal works usually attributed to La Tour are: "Saint-Sébastien" (Berlin); "Saint-Sébastien" (Bois-Anzéray); "Le Reniement de Saint-Pierre" (signed, dated 1650; Nantes); "Le Tricheur" (signed; Landry collection); "Job raillé par sa femme" or "Le prisonnier" (subject uncertain; Epinal); "Le joueur de vielle" (Nantes); "L'adoration des bergers" (Louvre); "Le nouveau-né" (Rennes); "Rixe de mendiants" (Chambéry); "Saint-Jérôme" (Louvre); "Saint-Jérôme" (Hampton Court); "Saint-Jérôme pénitent" (Stockholm); "Saint-Jérôme pénitent" (Grenoble); "La Madeleine" (signed; Louvre); "La Madeleine" (Fabius collection); "Découverte du corps de Saint-Alexis" (presumed subject; Nancy); "Saint-François en extase" or "Les deux moines" (Le Mans); "Saint-Joseph charpentier" (Moore Turner collection); "L'ange et Saint-Joseph" (signed; Nantes); "L'éducation de la vierge" (private French collection); "Le Christ aux outrages" (Chancelade church); "Petite fille à la chandelle" (Detroit).

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BACKGROUND LUSTRE FOR FRENCH SILVER

By JEROME MELLQUIST



Engraved Regency Porringer with Dish underneath. (Puiforcat)

IF the visitor needed reassurance as to the importance once ascribed by the French to the craft of silversmithing, a single trip to the Ile de la Cité would suffice. Here, facing across to the Rive Droite, there slithers back—following the line of the river-bank—the Quai des Orfèvres. Yet not until 1600 did a group of craftsmen spread out upon this gently rounding thoroughfare. Originally they had been clustered near the Pont-au-Change, which ended at the very doorsteps of Notre Dame Cathedral, and it might be noted—however much contemporary annotators tend to ignore the fact—that this bridge, like the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, was covered. So indefatigably did they hammer that they sometimes shook loose the piles, and frequent patchwork became necessary. Such, then, was the medieval habitat of those men who, according to the English authority Cripps, served to make France the “cradle” for the budding metalwork industry of Europe.

Settled into a confraternity, they preserved their status by fixing severe limits as to membership. Apprentices could enter neither too young nor too old, and only a single helper was allowed to each trained craftsman. Besides, the Paris “chapter” (and in this it resembled like chapters in other parts of France) curtailed the number of its adherents. Rarely did this alter, and if sometimes the membership might increase, it is also true that later it might again be reduced. These, their self-appointed restrictions, were later hedged about by state or communal ones following their transfer to the *quai* still bearing their name. After all, it should not be forgotten that the XVIIth century, economically speaking, was dominated by those bullionists who held that a country’s prosperity was to be gauged by the amount of costly metal in its treasuries. And not merely did Louis XIV accept such dicta of the theorists; he needed immense sums for the aggrandisements he so busily perpetrated, and accordingly instructed his subjects (almost like Mussolini

at a later juncture) to disgorge their precious plate and silver service. Himself the exemplar of patriotism, he even sacrificed some of his finest pieces to this Campaign of Melting. Yet twenty years later (in 1709), he still retained enough of his best objects so that quality in silver need not perish from the land! Only considerably afterwards, in any case, did the production of well-turned work again expand and this it did because French hostesses wished their tables to be as glittering as the conversation. Never did the *poinçons* so flourish—both as to variety and ingenuity. And before the French Revolution had interrupted and crippled this evolution, there had been, in 1784, a reform measure allowing each of the 176 silver communities throughout the kingdom to adopt an invariable mark with the date indicated by the last two ciphers from the year.

Nor were the resulting insignia dictated by chance. Sometimes they identified a region with agricultural stuffs—Laon with artichokes, Marennes with oysters, Provins with roses, Rheims with grape-clusters, Soissons with beans: or the place might be linked to products of its industry, a pen-knife standing for Chatellerault, a table-knife for Langres, an alembic for Montpellier, a cannon for Mezières, scissors for Thouars and spindles for Valenciennes. The country’s industrial fabric might almost have been guessed from such a *resumé*! Still other *poinçons* registered a quip or play on words, the Age of Reason apparently delighting that *barbeau* should stand for Bar-le-Duc, a wing of a windmill for Moulins, a lion’s head for Lyons, a rope and pulley for Puy, a rock for Rochefort, and a dove for St.-Esprit.

Perhaps there even lingered, in still other insignia, the same thinking once responsible for the carving of birds, serpents or beasts upon the façades of the cathedrals. Whether superstitious or not, the silversmiths at Compiègne (a city contiguous to a forest) inscribed a deer, at St. Germain-en-Laye a squirrel, at Vesoul a bear. Or if the crafts-

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man worked in a maritime vicinity, he honoured it as might a bard, silver from Boulogne being marked by a sailor's cap, Brest showing a ship, Dieppe a fish, St.-Martin-de-Ré a seagull, and Toulon, because of its propinquity to Africa, a *tête de negre barbaresque*. Elsewhere a particularly noteworthy historical association might prevail, as at Tours, where a turban recalled the nearby repulse of the Turks, or as at Orléans, where the Maid was fittingly remembered. Still other inscriptions remain somewhat mysterious. Just why did a star represent Lorient (dismissing, of course, the scriptural Star of the East)? And why—unless simply for the sake of a pun—an *abeille* for Abbeville? And just what feline preoccupation had first prompted a cat for Meaux? Sometimes the craftsmen merely took over as his own a heraldic inscription, marking wares from Grenoble with a *dauphin*, or those from Pau and the Ardennes respectively with a cow or a bear.

This very variety might even be said to indicate that what fundamentally stamped French silver was an ever-present insistence upon individuality. Helping to engender it, to be sure, was the diffusion of craftsmen throughout the country. Nancy was too self-contained to base itself upon St. Jean-de-Luz, let us say, and Aix remained too far from

Rennes to be persistently affected by its models. Furthermore, the jealously shielded autonomy of each unit would also hardly encourage a tendency to uniformity. If to this be added the fact that certain liminal areas, notably Artois, South Flanders and Hainault, were annexed late to the central government, the craftsmen's communities here retained late—and largely for that reason—an unapologetic relish for their own characteristics. Bordeaux, one of the very last independent silver communities to be affiliated with the rest, would also cling long to its earlier identity.

A congeries of interests, localities, traditions, even superstitions, has thus deepened and even fertilised the background from which sprang French silver. And that is not the least of its lustre!

A LA REINE MARGOT

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Correspondence

CHELSEA PORCELAIN

Sir.—I have spent a good deal of time in reading the earlier writers on Chelsea and have been unable to discover any references to the footnote to lot number 43 in the catalogue of the celebrated Stowe House Sale of 1848 in full. It reads:

"The Chelsea Porcelain is the most esteemed of the early productions of this nature in England. Martin Lister mentions a manufacture at Chelsea, as early as 1698, comparing the wares with those of St. Cloud, near Paris. The celebrated production, however, technically termed 'Soft Paste,' imitating in beauty and transparency the porcelain of the East, was probably unknown at that early time. The manufacture was patronised by George II, who brought over artificers from Brunswick and Saxony, whence, probably, Monsieur Brongniart terms Chelsea a Manufacture Royale. Its reputation commenced about 1740; in 1745, the celebrity of Chelsea Porcelain was regarded with jealousy by manufacturers of France, who therefore petitioned Louis XV to concede them exclusive privileges. About 1750, it was under the direction of Monsieur Spremont, a foreigner. The productions of Chelsea furnaces were thought worthy to vie with those of the celebrated manufactories of Germany. Walpole, in his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann, mentions a service of Chelsea Porcelain sent by the King and Queen to the Duke of Mecklenburg, which cost £1,200. The Duke of Cumberland took much interest in promoting the success of this interesting manufacture. Amongst the finest collections of Chelsea China those of the Earl Cadogan and of Baring Wall, Esq., M.P., are often cited. The mark of manufacture is an Anchor; the best specimens usually have this mark in gold burnished, on the inferior productions, in red.

Worth the consideration of those engaged in research is the mention of the St. Cloud porcelain comparison with Chelsea, attributed to Martin Lister, the noted physician (1638-1712). Dr. S. Mackenna, in *Chelsea of the Triangle and Raised Anchor Periods*, gives a lengthy passage on Martin Lister's notes on the St. Cloud factory which he visited and described in *A Journey Through Paris*, published 1698.

Dr. Lister does not mention Chelsea China, and the statement attributed to him must have been made after his return from France, when his visit to the St. Cloud works was fresh on his mind. This is probably the earliest reliable mention of porcelain-making in Chelsea, and strengthens the view that St. Cloud was the chief source of inspiration for Chelsea.

A comment about which might effect the dating of Chelsea is "that in 1745 the manufacture of china at Chelsea was causing jealousy on the part of French manufacturers." Jewitt mentioned it some twenty years later, but recent writers have not remarked on it.

That china making in Chelsea was by 1745 causing concern to French makers suggests that considerably more activity existed amongst china experimenters in the Chelsea area and over a much longer period than recent research allows, especially with such an early date as 1698 to be considered. It also emphasises the theory that the Triangle wares were much too well potted for so brief a start and it could influence the views of the 1745 date for the Goat and Bee jugs.

The concluding sentence of the footnote extolling the quality of Gold over Red Anchor will have its sceptics.

R. L. KENNING.

THE VAN EYCK PROBLEM

In his kindly notice of my book *The Van Eyck Problem*, Mr. Martin Davies states that he "does not believe that Hubert van Eyck has been squashed." It is 397 years since Lucas de Heere composed his 92-line "Ode on the Adoration of The Lamb." It was a deliberate attempt to endow the City of Ghent with "Hubert van Eyck" as an imaginary founder of a primitive local school of painting, ostensibly to pre-date and outshine the school established at Bruges by Jan van Eyck on May 19th, 1425. That myth won almost universal acceptance. Lucas de Heere and his successors were only the victims of their own imagination.

But in 1933 M. Emile Renders proved, by a long-lost document, that the four-line inscription, putatively of May 6th, 1432 (on the frame and not on the picture), was "a falsity of

about 1616." Having been amateurishly obliterated, it was not again brought to light until 1823 by Waagen, who jumped to a false conclusion. There is, in fact, no trace of the fanciful "Hubert" having had a domicile, a contract or any property in Ghent or elsewhere. Nowadays it is only a question of time for any "fake," whether at Glozel, Piltown or in any museum to be exposed. Dr. F. Lyna in 1931 expressed his doubt about the inscription. In 1924 Dr. Max Friedlaender had held that "no works by Hubert exist." In August, 1933, accepting M. Renders' startling conclusions, I wrote a review entitled "Hubert van Eyck: A Myth," and concluded: "to-day Hubert van Eyck is dead; Jan van Eyck comes into his own."

The Editor of *Larousse* in 1934 commented that "the Ghent traditions were precarious from the outset"; in 1947 he declared that "the rôle of Hubert van Eyck in this affair and even his existence must be regarded as a legend." Louis Piérard, in 1946, affirmed that "Jan van Eyck is alone the author of this sublime polyptych, in spite of the inscription that has misled the whole world." With the unanimous consent of the cathedral authorities at Ghent, the Belgian Minister of Public Instruction, the Directors of Belgian and foreign museums, and the National Gallery, together with academicians and university professors, M. A. Philippot overhauled and restored the polyptych between October 13th, 1950, and October, 1951, under the superintendence of Dr. Paul Coremans. In 1931 the Director of the Brussels Museum had been satisfied that "Hubert passes out in the fog and escapes us. On the other hand, Jan is a real person." In 1947 the same director considered that "Hubert is a creation of modern criticism."

The Belgian editor of the *Dictionary of Painters*, of 1951, remarked that "the four-line inscription dates only from the XVIth century. Until 1565 no Flemish, Italian or German writer had ever heard of Hubert's existence;" and again, "the Hubertian theory has completely broken down." Also most French critics at last have come to believe that "in the beginning the name of Hubert van Eyck is nowhere found."

Mr. Martin Davies is now bold enough to write that "in the intercalation which he interprets but is *not quoting*," the Belgian officials "were unable to distinguish two hands in the altarpiece." Frankly, they could not "distinguish" what, they affirmed, was not there. Permit me to quote their words contained in their unanimous Final Report: "On peut y voir la main de Jean van Eyck. Notons, cependant, que nous avons scruté la peinture en surface et en profondeur pour y voir la main d'un second grand maître, mais en vain." Thus there was a complete absence of "Hubert's" handiwork. Therefore I was justified in stating that the illusory fame and name of "Hubert," *le faux frère*, were irrevocably wiped out. On what authority can Mr. Martin Davies, speaking for this country, now contend that I "have made no contribution to the solution of the problem"? He rejects the Final Report. He still believes that "the difficult Van Eyck problem will never be squashed." Briefly, he prefers not to be convinced.

The final ruling on the Continent is at last decisive. "Jadis l'épineux problème des Van Eycks était insoluble: aujourd'hui il est résolu."

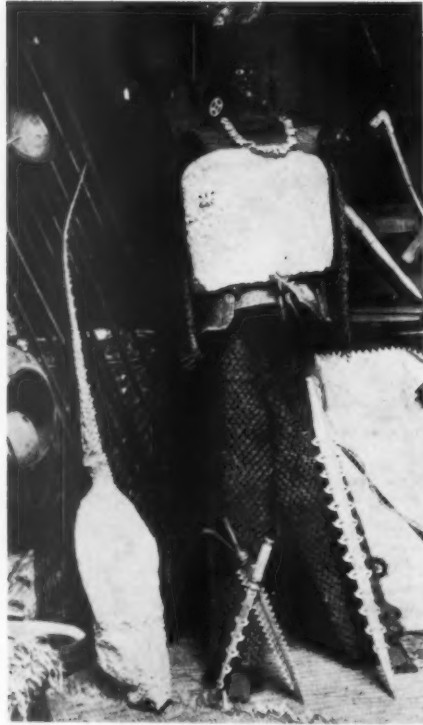
MAURICE W. BROCKWELL.

GILBERT ISLANDS ARMOUR

The illustration reproduced here is of one of the remaining twelve armour suits of the Gilbert Islands. This specimen was found on the Island of Taputeneia, the principal of the Gilbert 16-Island group, and was presented by the late Frank Burnett to the University of British Columbia, Vancouver. All but a few suits, obtained by early white traders, vanished when the arrival of missionaries and traders changed native ways.

Although war was carried on continually by all South Sea Islanders, it is an odd fact that only those natives dwelling on the Gilbert Islands ever used the protection afforded by these suits, and, moreover, they were not used in ordinary warfare, and only one suit was allowed to each village. The armour was in a sense symbolic of the honour of each particular village, and used only for upholding it. Thus, when a dispute occurred between two villages, the champion fighter from each one put on their suits. In an open place, with all the inhabitants watching, the two men fought to uphold the right of his side.

The main portion of the armour, covering and widely protecting the back of the head and top, was of coconut fibre; it was closely woven and as hard as board, with the important essential of great lightness. This permitted mobility to the wearer. A further protection was a breastplate of dried skin of the sting-ray fish, with an unyielding steel-like strength.



These fighters, in honour combats, used only one weapon—a hardwood sword lined with shark teeth—the thick coconut armour covering their bodies was proof against the swords, and because the fibre caught and held the teeth, the warriors avoided striking it. The steel-hard sting-ray breastplate was invulnerable.

Thus the contestants concentrated on the face and more lightly covered top of the head. The combats were examples of agility and endurance, fast footwork and skilful fencing; sometimes the loser was killed, more often he was knocked unconscious, suffering terrible head lacerations. A defeated village champion was never again allowed to use the armour, so a new challenger had the distinction of wearing it for its special purpose.

Heriot Bay, British Columbia,
Canada.

FRANCIS DICKIE.

PREHISTORIC DRAWINGS

Mrs. O. M. CLARK (Florida).

The name, the White Lady of Brandenburg, is that given to the prehistoric drawings on the cliff face there, in South Africa. One figure is that of a white woman—the rest are of negroes. The Abbé Breuil, so well known for his investigation and for his writings on similar drawings in the deep caves at Altamira, Lascaux, in France, has been making a careful examination of the South African example of this work performed before history began, and the result of his research is published in a book sponsored by the South African Government, published by the Trianon Press, and distributed by the London firm of Fabers at £5 5s.

LE TAPIS, ART MAJEUR.

Monsieur,

Nommé Membre du conseil de la Chambre Syndicale des Importateurs de Tapis d'Orient, je me permets de vous remettre un relevé des erreurs d'attributions relevées dans le N° de Apollo de Juin 1955, dans l'article "Le Tapis, Art Majeur" par Robert de Calatchi.

p. 200, en haut à gauche: Tapis mentionné Kouba du XVII°. Est en réalité un Chirvan-Cabristan du début du XIX°. A été retiré de l'Exposition à la suite de la protestation de la Chambre Syndicale des Importateurs de Tapis d'Orient.

p. 200, en dessous: Tapis Giordès mentionné XVII° s. Dans le catalogue de l'Exposition "Art Abstrait" est indiqué du XVIII°. Est en réalité du début du XIX°.

p. 200, en haut à droite: Pergame n'est pas Transylvanie ni XVII°. Est en réalité du XVIII°.

J'espère que vous voudrez bien prendre en considération les observations que je viens de vous faire en mon nom et au nom du Syndicat que je représente et en faire usage que vous croirez le meilleur.

Dans cette attente, veuillez croire, Monsieur le Rédacteur, à l'expression de mes civilités empressées.

146 Bd. Haussmann,
Paris 8.

J. SOUSTIEL

Monsieur,

J'ai été extrêmement étonné en apprenant par vous les contestations faites par Mr. Soustiel, au sujet de 3 des tapis illustrant mon article dans APOLLO.

Tout d'abord, je tiens à préciser que, sur les 3 pièces en question, le "Pergame" et le "Ghiordès," ont été présentés à l'Exposition "Les Splendeurs de l'Art Turc," au Musée des Arts Décoratifs en Février 1953. Au catalogue, ils figuraient sous les No. et appellations suivants:

No. 765—Tapis Pergame—Epoque 17^e siècle.

No. 755—Tapis Ghiordès—Epoque 17^e siècle.

Les tapis Pergame, Asie Mineure, se trouvent quelquefois en Transylvanie.

Monsieur Soustiel faisait alors partie du Comité d'Organisation de la manifestation.

Non seulement il n'a émis alors aucune contestation, mais aussi, à cette occasion, il a écrit un article dans la revue du Syndicat des Antiquaires, "Art et Curiosité" (Janvier-Février, 1953), dans lequel il cite parmi les objets particulièrement dignes d'intérêt... ce même tapis Pergame qu'il présente avec sa photo comme étant du début du 17^e siècle.

Quant à la 3^eme pièce incriminée, un tapis du Caucase de la fin du 17^e siècle, classé dans la catégorie des Kouba, je le maintiens comme tel.

Etant données les précisions irréfutables fournies pour les 2 premières pièces citées, on peut se demander quels sentiments animent aujourd'hui Monsieur Soustiel, pour qu'il se contredise de façon aussi flagrante.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

135 Bd. Haussmann, Paris 8.

R. DE CALATCHI.

THE MARK 2—ALONE AND IN GOLD—ON BRISTOL PORCELAIN

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. P. T. Stephens, takes me to task for referring to this mark as comparatively rare (not "exceptionally rare", as Mr. Stephens states), because it occurs but once among a collection of 1,500 pieces. He is apparently the possessor of a collection in which pieces marked with this numeral are likely to be found because of its supposed family associations. The issue is simple. It is whether conclusions drawn from an analysis of Dr. Oxford's 1,500 unselected pieces are more likely to be correct than those drawn from one-thirtieth the number in which selection of this type has operated.

The pieces so marked, referred to as mentioned by Dr. Severne Mackenna, can have no bearing in deciding the question of comparative rarity.

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Browsing at the Kerb

BY JOHN GIBBINS

"THERE is a book on anything," says a publicity maxim of the book world. It would be even truer to say that there are many books on anything, and that no one need be uninformed on his hobbies or his interests while the second-hand book shop or stall exists. The book trade, like certain other cultural professions, works on two levels—the new and the second-hand.

The first-class second-hand bookseller is highly professional. Through his hands go all the sensational rarities. He has a world-wide clientele, he acts as agent for unknown collectors, and he must be knowledgeable about his stock for, unlike the seller of new books, he is handling the products of centuries. But the most important thing of all is that his stock is unique. He has carefully built up—out of the thousands of books that he handles—lists that he can trade all over the world. Between him and the kerbside bookstall are the smaller and smaller shops that can be, for the initiated collector, as exciting as the chance medley of the bookstall in the street. These stalls are the lowest strata of the trade, but they lose nothing by being so. That fatal fascination they have for the passer-by, the spell they cast over anyone who stops for a moment to read surely emphasises their use. One can find anything on them. They have no sense of incongruities, no social snobberies, and the secrets of Madame Pompadour can be discovered as easily as the history of the early steam engine.

Idle browsing there is pleasant, but the man standing beside you carefully examining every title may be that rare bird, the amateur collector. He will know the real pleasure of second-hand books—the discovery of some long-sought, unimportant, but personally desired volume to add to his collection.

In following this simple hobby of book collection it is essential to forget the dreams of the trade—the discovery of a Shakespeare folio, or of a rare, uncut first edition. These things should be left for the bibliophile who trades in rarities and is devoted to values. The real interest of the simple collector who must do his field work on the street stalls is books! And these usually have no relative values. They are valuable only as they are what he wants. But what a pleasurable hobby it can be. It can be indulged anywhere. London's Farringdon Road is famous, but the small bookshops can be found all over the country; in Cathedral cities, where it is almost possible to trace the reading habits of generations from the bookshops, to the shelves that flourish in any provincial town in a casual way down side streets or in the curio shop with its dusty heaps of books garnered from chance sales of household goods.

It is this astonishing ubiquity of old books that gives the ordinary collector the zest of the hunter. He must always be ready for a find, and, faced with a suddenly discovered row of books, be prepared to find the book he needs to fill a bad gap in his collection. He may have been disappointed a hundred times, but now . . . !

It is obvious, though, that to extract the maximum pleasure and satisfaction out of this kind of book collection the only way to do it is to do it round a certain subject, and this can be anything one likes to choose—Victorian verse anthologies, Elizabethan gastronomic habits, the sciences—though in this instance the old books date in a way that they are not likely to do in most other subjects—period fiction, social history or dozens of other things. There is also the collection of oddities; those eccentric books whose interest lies in a certain kind of wonder as to why they were ever published. Some of these contain most wonderful things,

and surely, as found in a book of Victorian verse, the opening line of a poem "When Molly smiles beneath her cow," was worth the 1s. 6d. paid for the book.

In following out any of these pursuits the collector has a liberty which is not always common to inexpensive hobbies. He does not need to pay any attention to fashions or to newness, and the latest book, dressed out in the newest style and paraded in the front of a window, can seem to him a very poor thing. It is usually the faded and battered volume that draws him. Looked at and rejected a dozen times in a day by others, it may have for him the authentic thrill. And this, of course, is a constant thing in the way he lives. It is sooner or later borne upon him that this rescue work in which he is occupied has a certain kind of justice about it. The public life of a book is unpredictable and huge numbers have always been born to obscurity. They appear with some flourish of birth and then disappear. Where they live for the next hundred years or so, or on what shelves they sleep unused is not known, but sooner or later they creep back into public life and there they await him; and from being victims of anonymity they become the treasured part of a carefully guarded and cherished collection. They may even suddenly come into prominence in public exhibition. Many a collector who started in this humble way has suddenly found that he has a nucleus of something which can be enlarged into first-rate importance. Two such collections which have appeared in the last few years have been the wonderful collection of children's books and that of Victorian fiction.

To state that any such collection can quite possibly begin on a second-hand bookstall is not fanciful. In fact, the small collector is doing what the biggest second-hand booksellers do, and that is separate things into accessible shape. It is quite true that many extensive and almost priceless collections of books on particular subjects, or historical periods, or people, now owned by libraries and available for students and researchers, had their foundation in the most modest collector. It may be when he started he had no idea that this particular interest could be so thoroughly developed that it became part of social, political or human history. Your top collector will always be concerned with scarcity value. Your human collector, following out his hobby, will sometimes feel overwhelmed by superfluity, but this in the end can only widen the excitements of his particular chase.

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PREHISTORIC PAINTING: Lascaux, or the Birth of Art. Text by Georges Bataille. Skira: Zwemmer. £5 15s.

This magnificently produced book dealing with the famous Cave of Lascaux in south-west France discusses and illustrates the best preserved of a group of wall paintings in this area which are of the highest interest not only to the archaeologist and prehistorian, but to everyone concerned with art. These paintings date back to the moment when, as Georges Bataille says, "man wrenched himself out of the animal's condition into manhood." Most of the other cave paintings in the district have suffered badly with the passage of the centuries (some very badly), but those of Lascaux are remarkable for their relatively excellent state of preservation. It is no exaggeration to say that the Lascaux Cave, situated about a mile distant from the little town of Montignac, lying in the Valley of the Vézère, ranks as one of the earliest and mightiest creations of man.

The Skira illustrations in colour are of the highest quality; and great credit is due to the camera men for their skill and determination in securing such remarkable results. For it needs to be remembered that the paintings are not on a uniformly flat surface and cannot therefore be viewed from a normal angle, i.e., from a few yards' distance and squarely in front. The artists who executed them took every possible advantage both of the uneven surface of the rock wall and the perspective in each of the various rooms; but even so, with every shift of the spectator's position a bull, for instance, will appear either squat and hunchnecked, or unduly

elongated, according to the viewpoint taken up.

It is conjectured that the Lascaux Cave dates from the early Upper Paleolithic Period; and would seem to have been the focal centre of a civilisation that spread perhaps over a wide area, embracing southern France and north-west Spain. But eastern Europe, without any evident contact with the West, also had its Aurignacian civilisation where *homo sapiens*, far from Lascaux, was stirred to make beautiful things. In England, in Africa, in Asia, *homo sapiens* developed concurrently; so it seems an exaggerated claim that Lascaux and its neighbourhood was actually the birthplace of the most ancient known art. If the Valley of the Vézère was the scene of such a birth, why did this particular area favour such an event? Georges Bataille suggests that the area may have been a thoroughfare for the immense reindeer herds that migrated annually in the spring towards the Auvergne pasture lands. Although slaughter awaited them here, they nevertheless took the same route every year, thus assuring the population of the valley a plentiful food supply. Much the same thing happens to this day in Canada, where the caribou year in and year out undeviatingly follow the same migratory route, and are regularly ambushed. These conditions, which might have already existed in the Middle Paleolithic when Neanderthal Man dwelt in the Dordogne, may at that time have been the earth's most favourable area for food. It is an interesting and seemingly plausible theory.

Seeing that Georges Bataille's beautiful book deserves to be in the hands of the

largest possible number of the English-reading public, it is a pity that its author has not been better served by his translator, Au tryn Wainhouse, whose evident anxiety to convey his author's sentiment and enthusiasm for his subject leads him sometimes into tortuous and over-coloured phraseology.

VICTOR RIENAECKER.

YUGOSLAVIA: MEDIAEVAL FRES-COES. Preface by David Talbot Rice. Introduction by Svetozar Radojcic. UNESCO World Art Series.

Not the least important among the discoveries of this century is the remarkable series of wall-paintings in Serbia and Macedonia. For, although the beauty of the decoration of Mileseva had been noted by travellers from the XVIth century onwards, and A. Ewans, in an article published in the *Manchester Guardian* in 1881, could maintain that without some knowledge of these frescoes it was scarcely possible to understand the great renaissance of art in Italy, a systematic programme of uncovering from beneath coats of whitewash and layers of later paint was not carried out in the Balkan churches until after the First World War.

The frescoes at St. Pantalejmon at Nerezi, near Skopljje, were not discovered until 1923, those in the great church of St. Sophia at Ohrid were not cleaned until the late '30s. The latter are dated to the XIth century—whether before or after the reconstruction in the middle of the century is still open to speculation (Dr. Radojcic states before 1056, Dr. Kasanin prefers about 1058). The wall-paintings at Nerezi may be dated to about 1164 and

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THE LIBRARY SHELF

provide much-needed evidence of Comnene wall-painting (though parallel developments may be studied in Cyprus at Asinou, and in the little church of Pera Khorio, not far from Nicosia). Indeed, the frescoes at Nerezi caused something of a furore among Byzantine scholars, hitherto largely concerned with the problems of iconography and the assessment of frigid but distinguished pictographs of religious dogma, since the walls of St. Pantalejmon presented in their passionate expression of grief beside itself an entirely new aspect of Byzantine art in the general sense of the term.

But these were not the sole discoveries. Paintings dating from the XIth and XIIth centuries have come to light at Manastir, Kostur, Prilep and Zadar; superb sequences of XIIIth-century paintings are to be found at Studenica (about 1208), at Mileseva (about 1235), and at the Sopcani Monastery (1258-1265)—all of particular importance, apart from their intrinsic beauty, since so little from this period has survived in Italy. Moreover, the effect of the revival of the arts under the Paleologoi at Constantinople after the collapse of the Latin Kingdom is equally well illustrated in Serbia. For mosaics, of course, those in St. Saviour at Chora at Constantinople still crown the renaissance, but for wall-paintings the student may reinforce impressions gathered from Mistra and Kastoria with the great series at the Metropolitan Cathedral of Prizren (1307), the Gracanica Monastery (1320), the Decani Monastery (1335-1350) and the Church at Lesnovo built by the Despot Oliver in 1341, with frescoes dating from

1349. The programme of cleaning and revealing is still far from complete.

A selection of these discoveries was brought to the notice of the general public by a large exhibition of Yugoslav Art held in Paris in 1950, at which time replicas of the frescoes, the work of French and Yugoslav artists, were included. These replicas, with some additions, were shown later, in 1953, at the Tate Gallery. And now these exhibitions have been followed up by the publication of some of the more important wall-paintings under the patronage of UNESCO, which sponsored a mission to collect material and photograph in colour the frescoes in the various monasteries. The excellent quality of the colour reproductions may well be judged by those who remember the reasonably faithful tones of colour of the replicas so recently on show at the Tate Gallery.

The plates are accompanied by a lucid introduction to the main principles of Byzantine Art by Professor Talbot Rice, and by an historical summary from Dr. Radojicic, whose work on Serbian manuscripts is already familiar to scholars. To those whose interest may have been awakened for the first time a useful bibliography is presented, and the whole publication is in itself a sign-post to a better understanding of the complex balance between East and West which gradually crystallised into what we know now as the Italian Renaissance. JOHN BECKWITH.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM WESTON. Translated from the Latin by Philip Caraman. Longmans. 18s. Eighty years have elapsed since the

publication of the last translation of the autobiography of Father Weston, which, since it appeared in a volume entitled *Two Missionaries Under Elizabeth*, failed to attract the attention of readers uninterested in religious history. The present edition is intended to introduce to a wider public this fascinating study of an Elizabethan Jesuit. Weston landed in Norfolk in the beginning of September, 1584, and had little more than two years of adventurous living before being picked up at the time of the discovery of the Babington plot. Thereafter he spent his time in one prison or another, but mostly in the concentration camp for Recusants in Wisbech Castle. He was only released on the accession of James I, when he retired to Spain, where he ended his days. His story contrasts at nearly every point with that of Father Gerard whose autobiography the editor of the present volume republished five years ago. Gerard spent eighteen years in England, but only a little over three were spent in prison. Less fortunate than Weston, he was tortured whilst in the Tower, but he regained his liberty by a sensational escape. Gerard spent most of his time in Recusant high society, an uncertain but not un-luxurious existence. Weston's hosts could not afford numerous well-paid servants to give warning when the pursuivants were coming, and had to pay all the way along for their obstinacy in religion. The most attractive incident in the period of his freedom, was the religious house party near Marlow, when William Byrd was present. His efforts at exorcising devils bring us back to earth again, and

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remind us how close he lived to the Middle Ages. He shows his goodness of heart by not over-writing the little hell which the Recusants made for themselves by their quarrelling in Wisbech Castle. Though it would not have been worth while for the lay prisoners to escape, why do we hear nothing of escapes by the priests? The R.A.F., we may feel sure, would have found a way out!

It is hardly necessary to add that Father Caraman's notes provide all the information which a reader will require.

CHARLES OMAN.

PAUL NASH: The Portrait of an Artist. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. Faber and Faber. 42s.

One of the most interesting sections in this very full study, of which it is impossible to convey more than a part in a short review, deals with the effect of the first world war on Nash as both man and artist.

He became for a time obsessed with the unimaginative blasphemy of those who would persuade themselves and others that modern war was a romantic or chivalrous necessity. To Gordon Bottomley, in 1918, he wrote:

"France and the trenches would be a mere dream if our minds were not perpetually bent upon those scenes. And yet how difficult it is, folded as we are in the luxuriant green country, to put it aside and brood on those wastes in Flanders, the torments, the cruelty and terror of this war. Well it is on these I brood for it seems the

only justification of what I do now—if I can help to rob war of the last shred of glory the last shine of glamour . . . I feel very serious about this big picture it is going to have all I can muster. A kind of enlarged and intensified *Void*; I pray I may carry it through."

In a letter to his wife, written in 1917, he had said, of life in the trenches, "No glimmer of God's hand is seen anywhere." War impressed him as being not merely a blasphemy committed by man towards his own kind, but a desecration of nature herself. In the disintegration of shell and flesh he saw more than the decimation of material tangibilities, and this latest portrait will perhaps help some to understand more of the impetus behind, and significance in, those of Nash's paintings which have not immediately conveyed their meaning with clarity, and in which, possibly, indignation has, in fact, to some extent been lost in technique.

JON WYNNE-TYSON.

STORY OF A YEAR: 1848. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. Cape. 21s.

"This is not," Mr. Postgate modestly remarks in his preface, "a book with a purpose." It is a chronologically arranged diary of some of the events of 1848 that "an observer would have noticed . . . and does not attempt to fill in the background." Books about the past that divorce events from their causes and consequences can have neither perspective nor conclusions. *Story of a Year* is more than an antiquarian's catalogue only because the range of Mr. Postgate's interests is remarkable.

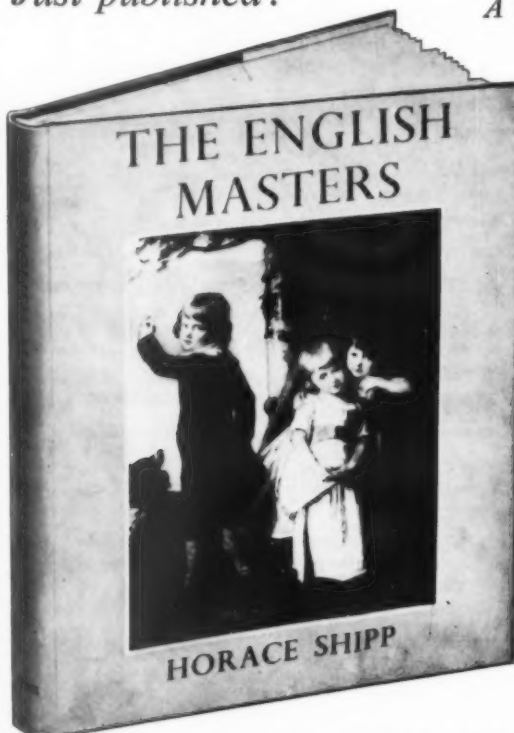
He is a social historian, a gastronome whose *The Good Food Guide* now accompanies all discerning travellers in Britain, an Englishman honoured across the Channel as a Peer of the Jurade of St. Emilion, and the author of one of the best detective stories of recent years. These wide sympathies have produced a selection of 1848's noticeable events that will irritate the pedants amongst professional historians and fascinate a circle of readers far beyond the reach of conventional history books.

"There is," Queen Victoria wrote to her Prime Minister in April, "so much inflammable material all around us that it makes one tremble." The substance of Mr. Postgate's diary is, inevitably, this inflammable material which blew half the governments of Europe into a past from which they had never emerged and would-be British revolutionaries into a limbo from which they have never returned. Other events are recorded too. Some, familiar, as the discovery of gold in California or the last news of Sir John Franklin's expedition, others, half-forgotten, as the continuing British campaign against the slave trade. At times, Mr. Postgate's principle of selection is puzzling and perverse. Why recall the invention of the Idrotobolic Hat and forget the death of George Stephenson? But quarrelling with the author's selections is half the pleasure of reading his book.

Mr. Postgate is fortunate in his publisher. *Story of a Year* is well printed on good paper with wide margins, profusely and interestingly illustrated, and modestly priced.

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NEWNES

The Art of Good Living

Festive Occasions

BY RAYMOND POSTGATE

CHRISTMAS is the season for traditional drinking as well as eating—it is heretical to suppose or advocate anything else. Yet if we do follow what is now regarded as the tradition we shall probably be rather ill and rather cross as a result. (The tradition itself is not very old, anyhow; like the Christmas tree and overeating or drinking it is only mid-Victorian.) For example, we shall end our dinner by drinking port; vintage port if we can, at that. This will be laid on top of turkey and plumpudding (with rum butter or brandy cream sauce) and mincepies—that is, on a heavy sugared meal we shall pour a heavy sugared wine. If we had been on horseback, all the morning perhaps we could do that without suffering; we might even safely include the port-fed Stilton and the crystallised fruits that are also traditional.

But as hardly any of us are likely to spend Christmas morning in the saddle the most sensible thing is to try and modify tradition without abandoning it altogether. The first Christmas Day drinks, I suppose, will occur about eleven in the morning, either for callers who may drop in, or just because on this day you yourself may feel at liberty to open the bar earlier. Most of the year one's first drink is a sherry. To vary it, I would offer a Madeira. Not, I protest, a cocktail, however rich you are and however palate-less your visitors. For it is quite certain that you will drink to-day rather more than usual (I haven't said, "rather more than is wise"), and it is not good sense to begin immediately by swallowing much more alcohol in a small space than you can take in any other way. If you are going to run a two-mile race, it is not a good beginning to rush round the houses very fast for five hundred yards. Limber up by trotting down the garden path only; a Madeira is the

equivalent of that. But bear in mind two pieces of advice: (1) Do not buy a cheap Madeira—I have never yet found a cheap one which didn't taste of metalpolish. (2) Offer madeira cake with it—that is what it's for. A Sercial madeira is better than a Bual at this time; a Malmsey is too sweet for anybody but children, and it's not good for them. If you find the madeira called Rainwater, that is a blend accidentally discovered in the early XIXth century, which took the fancy of the Boston merchants as a morning drink, and may well take yours. (The story is that rainwater actually got into some casks by accident, if you choose to believe it.)

Before-dinner drinks, of course, are as usual sherry or, if you can afford enough of it, champagne—I mean, immediately-before-dinner drinks. The wine with dinner is, obviously again, either claret or burgundy. Burgundy is not, despite the general belief, any heavier than claret; in fact, undoctored burgundy tends to be if anything very slightly less alcoholic. It's purely a matter of taste which you have; by present prices you will get rather better value for your money usually in claret. In neither case do I advise you to buy very old wines. Of a Beaujolais I would take a 1952 or a 1949; of the great burgundies a 1949, 1947, or 1946. Of clarets, a 1934 if it is reasonably priced, a 1947, 1948, or 1949. I think that a 1947 claret will be the best all-round choice for most Christmas diners this year; prices aren't monstrous yet, there is still a fair amount around, scarcely any Chateau produced a bad wine, the bouquet and taste are finely developed and yet there is a great reserve of strength in the wines.

Yet at the end of the meal, however good your table wine, you feel you need something else; and I will not allow you port. So what do I, as self-appointed dictator, allow? I think people whose livers and digestions are no more than normal must decide at the end of their Christmas meal which they will have—more sugar, or more alcohol; not both. If more sugar, then take a Sauternes, in which the sugar is plentiful because over-ripe grapes have been used in the making of it, and no spirits have been added. Sauternes, which includes Barsac, is almost the only wine which can be taken with fruit, and the heavy perfume and scented taste which constitute its greatest charm can be found to their full only in Chateau wines. Yquem is too dear for most of us; look for La Tour Blanche, Rayne Vigneau, Rieussec, Doisy Védrières, Climens, Coutet, Filhot or Lafaurie Peyraguey. Do not waste your money in buying an old wine. There is no point in going back beyond 1947. If spirits, then take either a rum (in which there is no sugar, as I expect you know) or a brandy. Each to his own taste, of course; but the less heavy, less sweet, and less vanilla-like cognacs will put a smaller strain on your liver than the others.

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May you never drink port at all, then? Why, of course; but take it in the evening, when it has seemed enough of a meal to take a slice or two of cold bird, and some other oddments. Yet it is dismal to go to bed on that alone. Then is the time to sit a long time with your feet towards the dying fire, slowly tasting the various flavours which overlay each other in a fine port, and letting your thoughts flow back into the past. Did all our present troubles start with Mr. Lloyd George? Or was it really the sinking of the *Titanic*?

At New Year our troubles, if they come, come not from following tradition but from ignoring it. New Year is a Scottish festival and the Scottish tradition has always been clear and has been divided into two sharply separate parts—the lairds' and the popular. The lairds, because of the Old Connection, used to drink claret. The ships sailed regularly from Bordeaux to Leith, and brought the finest clarets that were exported to any country, until the blight of Puritanism and hatred of good living wrecked the trade. Scottish food is admirable (except for the herring) for eating with claret, but as the climate is hard the rather fuller St. Emilions will be more suitable than the Medocs.

The popular feasting has always been, on the other hand, to the accompaniment of whisky and beer. Herrings, haggis, mashed turnips and so forth need that accompaniment. If you can, this Christmas, get a "self" whisky—the unblended product of one distillery, a pot-still malt whisky free of any patent-still grain whisky. It is stronger and heavier, I grant you; but you may take water with it, though you should be split with a claymore if you put soda in it. The bouquet and taste are so different from the dull standardisation of public-house Scotch that even the most inveterate wine snobs stand still and wonder. And their names are like a Gaelic war-cry: Glenlivet and Clynelish, Talisker, Tobermory, Lagavulin and Ardbeg.

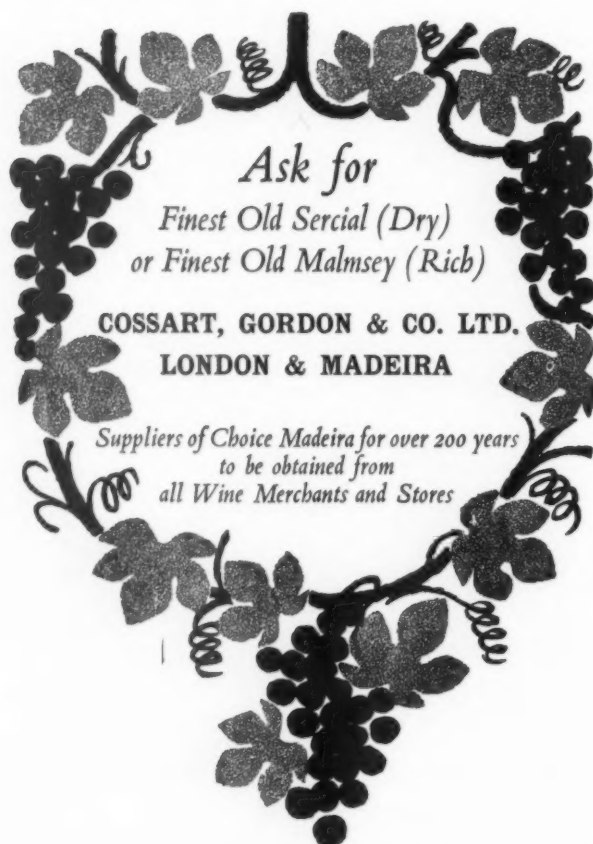
Sweet Finale

By Robin Goodfellow

LIQUEURS, you must admit if you are honest with yourself, are a slightly childish taste. You cannot like them full-heartedly unless you will admit to a love for chocolate creams—at the right time, of course, and in a limited quantity. If there still stays with you a recollection of that gorgeous moment when your small and white and greedy teeth crashed through the chocolate shell into the thick, soft, pink or purple half-liquid cream, then you can appreciate liqueurs; for they are really only celestial creams. You will find, indeed, that people whose age is still really only seventeen will pour double-cream into crème de cacao, crème de noyau and so forth, and the result is delicious; though even they can only take one glass of it.

Liqueurs do not need to be old. I knew a restaurant keeper who sold a liqueur whose name was something like "Liqueur des Moines Vénérables et Anciens de Ste-Nitouche"; he made a fresh supply every quarter-day in his basement. That is exaggerating; the spirit must have been well distilled and matured at least some while in wood, and the herbs or other flavouring must have had time to "marry" with it. But once that has happened, liqueurs don't improve in bottle. There is no sense in hunting for an old liqueur and paying more for it.

If you are not seventeen years' old, even in spirit, and yet feel you would like a liqueur with your coffee, do this. With any of the liqueurs based on grapes (that is wine, or brandy) such as Grand Marnier or Cointreau, pour into the liqueur an equal amount of three star (not liqueur) brandy. The brandy will cut away some of the heavy sweetness, and since it is basically the same, does no injury to the balance of taste. I hear that the people who make Benedictine have now put out such a mixture already bottled in the right proportions. I would do the same with liqueurs with other bases—put some dry rum in Tia Maria, or some dry gin in sloe gin, or some good whisky in Drambuie. But then I am well over seventeen in my palate.



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PRICES AND VALUES

By W. R. JEUDWINE

WHAT makes the price of a work of art? It has sometimes been said that prices are arbitrary and that they are more like assessments of what people are prepared to pay than a gauge of merit which can be checked against an accepted standard of values. With modern works there may be some force in this; for their prices must be to some extent a gamble on the lasting qualities of contemporary style. But with antiques which have been sifted by a century or more of scholarship and survived numerous fluctuations of taste, the international salerooms do provide a fairly reliable index of values, in much the same way as a share index on the Stock Exchange. Confronted with an object at a sale a dealer has to ask himself a number of questions, and on his answers, or the answers of the trade as a whole, the price will depend. They are not simple questions, and they come under at least five heads. First, quality, which is so easy to recognise and so hard to define. Secondly, attractiveness, the pleasingness of subject and treatment; for although by the scholar and perhaps by the true collector mere prettiness is despised, the market has never agreed with them. Thirdly, importance, a tiresome but useful word, which covers rarity and means how far the object is an unusually fine example of its kind. Fourthly, condition, whether restored, altered, or damaged, and how far this can be tolerated. Finally, saleability: the object in relation to current fashion, particular taste, or specialised markets. There are other considerations, but the above will go some way to establishing the position a work will occupy in its particular price range. Furthermore, it may be assumed that no object, whether its price be ten pounds or ten thousand, is likely to be a good investment unless it can be given high marks on at least three of the five counts.

The dispersal of a large private collection such as the Sotheby heirlooms affords perhaps the most reliable guide to prices, although a distinguished provenance and the fact that the goods are fresh to the market tends to make prices a little higher than in an average sale. The great strength of the Sotheby collection lay in the miniatures, amongst which were well-known works by Nicholas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver, for some years on loan to the Victoria and Albert. These belong to the class of object which occurs in the saleroom too rarely for an exact valuation to be possible. The half-length portrait of the Duke of Cumberland by Hilliard which brought £5,000 is almost on a par with the celebrated "Young Man Leaning against a Tree" in the Victoria and Albert, or the portrait of Sir Anthony Mildmay by Isaac Oliver at Cleveland. The culmination of a fashion started by Holbein, there is in these products of the age of Shakespeare a lyricism which Holbein never achieved and was far beyond the contemporary portrait painters. Other miniatures by Hilliard and Oliver brought well into four figures, and those by lesser members of the school from £470 down to £120. In the XVIIIth century only Samuel Cooper made a comparable showing, his portrait of James II as Duke of York being bought by the Victoria and Albert for £2,300. This splendid and unusually sensitive miniature cost James Sotheby 20 guineas in 1711.

The oil portraits by Kneller and his school came well behind, and English portraits altogether have not been faring too well in the salerooms. Although there has been a steady rise in price since the war, it seems unlikely that the heights reached in the late 1920s will soon be reached again. The XVIIth century in particular has never been much of a market, perhaps on account of a certain stodginess, and quite interesting portraits can still be got for well under £100.

The pair of small landscapes by Boucher (£9,800), a charming though slightly insipid Fragonard (£3,000), a Venetian sunset by Guardi (£7,000) and a Zuccarelli (£2,000, in 1860 £70), are evidence that the decorative qualities of XVIIIth-century paintings still keep them rising on the wave of popularity. In the wake of these leaders come Pannini (£600), William Marlow (£250) and Michele Marieschi (£1,050 a pair), all of whom have appreciated substantially in the last few years and may well do so further. One of the most interesting paintings was a small panel of the "Virgin and Child with St. John," by Morazzone (£1,300). The figure of the Virgin recalls Parmigianino, and so, too, does the intense, rather metallic colour. The picture has a sweetness and grace unusual in Morazzone, who worked with G. B. Crespi and Procaccini in



SAMUEL COOPER.

James, Duke of York.

Courtesy Victoria and Albert Museum.

Milan around 1600, and lies stylistically between late mannerism and the baroque.

Among the English furniture were few outstanding pieces, but it was interesting to note how prices tended to vary inversely with size. In the last few years the prices of small commodes (£210), sofa tables (£155), sideboards, bookcases and the like, of good though not exceptional quality, have risen by as much as half, while large pieces are still relatively undervalued. The demand for small furniture has been dictated by circumstances, but the idea that a piece of even moderate size will look out of place in a small room has surely been carried too far. XVIIIth-century French furniture fetches, as always, substantially more than English. A fine Louis XV marquetry writing- and toilet-table brought £2,800, and another writing-table £2,150, neither price being particularly out of the ordinary. French furniture has always been more of an international market than English, for it is strenuously competed for on the Continent where, until lately in Italy, English furniture has not been popular. This, together with its elegance, sumptuousness and comparative rarity, has made for higher prices than the more utilitarian English.

The porcelain in the Sotheby heirlooms contained one remarkable piece, a silver pattern Chelsea milk jug with the incised triangle mark, which fetched £950. In 1866 it was bought for £8, and in 1951 for £700. The increase over the last five years cannot be regarded as exceptional for a piece of this quality.

The first important series of sales this autumn has made it clear that so far the art market has not been affected by rumours of economic crisis. There are no signs of a leap in prices, no signs either of a fall. After the war the curve rose very steeply until about 1952. Since then it has continued to rise, but less steeply, and buyers have grown more discriminating. Works of poorer quality have become harder to sell; but the increasing scarcity of really fine things seems to ensure a continuing trend upwards. Markets abroad, except for local specialities, have kept in step with London; for in both quantity and quality the London salerooms still lead the world.

SALE ROOM NOTES AND PRICES

BY BRICOLEUR

PICTURES

At CHRISTIE'S there was a sale of sporting pictures by order of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. Included among these pictures were two by Arthur Devis; one sold for 40 gns. and showed a cricketing scene with three gentlemen, one holding a ball and a small boy ready to bat, in a view with Easton House, Dunmow, Essex. 58 in. by 79 in. The other showed two ladies and two children, one flying a kite, in the gardens of Ashdown House; it sold for 58 gns. and measured 53 in. by 77 in. Both these pictures are mentioned in Sydney H. Paviers's *The Devis Family of Painters*, 1950, p. 89, Nos. 141 and 142. A portrait of Sir John Cope with his hounds at Bramshill House, by Edmund Havell, brought 56 gns. Signed with initials and dated 1837, it measured 36 in. by 56 in. and had previously been in the collection of John Hargreaves, Esq. A set of six engravings called "The High-Mettled Racer," after H. Alken, by H. Alken and T. Sutherland, brought 32 gns.

At a sale of ancient and modern pictures and drawings held by Christies' the drawings included some sent for sale by Bernard Falk. One of these, by Thomas Rowlandson, brought 150 gns., and was illustrated in Mr. Falk's work *Thomas Rowlandson*, p. 176. This drawing, entitled "A Pleasant Surprise," measured 11 in. by 15½ in. Two modern drawings in the same collection were "Rustic Idyll" by Augustus John, pastel, 12 in. by 11 in., which sold for 120 gns., and "The Grand Canal, Venice," by W. R. Sickert, in charcoal and colour, 15½ in. by 18 in., which brought 220 gns. Other drawings included in this sale were a study of tree and foliage by Paul Cezanne, 9 in. by 12½ in. which sold for 180 gns. and had previously been in the collection of Mrs. Jaray, and "Returned from India, 1858," by S. Palmer, 12 in. by 27 in., which also made 180 gns. 300 gns. was paid for a drawing by Francesco Guardi of a soiree. In pen and ink and sepia wash, 17½ in. by 25½ in. It was sold with the certificate of Professor Pietro Toesca. Pictures sent for sale by Mr. Bernard Falk included "Old Heppel, The Fiddler," by W. R. Sickert, which had been exhibited at the National Gallery, 1941, and now brought 1,100 gns. It measured 29 in. by 24 in. and in the section for old pictures two by Jan Brueghel sold for high prices. One of a port scene, on panel, 7 in. by 12½ in. made 2,300 gns. and another of a village scene with the innkeeper refusing admission to the Holy Family, 3,000 gns. This was signed, on copper, and measured 6½ in. by 9 in. In the other properties included in this sale were other high-priced lots. A picture by Eugene Boudin, 1893, of The Plage at Villerville brought 2,100 gns. It shows the sands at low tide and figures and a horse and cart, 18 in. by 25 in. 2,000 gns. was paid for "Seneca and Nero," by Sir P. P. Rubens, on panel, unframed, 28 in. by 35 in. A pair of portraits by Sir H. Raeburn, R.A., brought 600 gns. and 1,750 gns. The first of Mrs. Archibald Fletcher in black dress and cloak, and the second of Archibald Fletcher, Esq., Advocate of the Scottish Bar, wearing black coat and white stock. Both pictures measured 29½ in. by 24½ in. An example of M. D'Hondecoeter's work brought 650 gns. This was of domestic poultry and measured 83 in. by 62 in.

ORIENTAL

At CHRISTIE'S there has been a sale of Chinese ceramics which included pieces from a famille-rose service made for John Payne (1708-64), who was chairman of the Board of Directors of the East India Company. As was the fashion in his day, he ordered a service of Chinese porcelain to be decorated with his crest and Chinese figures in landscapes. Two of the more important pieces now offered for sale from this Ch'ien Lung service were a circular bowl, 15½ in. diam., which sold for 135 gns., and a tureen, cover and stand with partly gilt decoration, 13½ in. wide, which brought 88 gns. Two goose tureens and covers, sent in by Mrs. Warwick Bryant, which had previously been in the collection of the Earl of Ripon, sold for 360 gns. and 300 gns. These were also from the Ch'ien Lung period, realistically modelled and decorated in famille-rose enamels. They measured 15½ in. high. Tureens of this type modelled as birds or animals usually sell well. One thousand guineas was paid for another lot sent in by the same owner. From the earlier period of K'ang Hsi this pair of horses with forelegs bent and heads slightly turned were supported on kidney-shaped bases. The wavy manes and tails were enamelled on the biscuit, 5 in. long. The good price of 160 gns. was reached for a pair of joss-stick holders modelled as Buddhist lions seated on their haunches, decorated in turquoise, mauve and celadon glazes. K'ang Hsi period, they measured 8 in. high.

In the non-porcelain section was a pair of Chinese cloisonne enamel lotus ornaments which brought 65 gns. They measured 12½ in., K'ang Hsi period, and had been in the Imperial palace at Peking. Modelled with twin upspringing carp and a draped canopy on scroll supports and circular bases, they were enamelled in colours on turquoise, green, blue and red grounds. An Indian figure of the god Siva, modelled in brass, with numerous arms and four heads sold for 100 gns. It measured 4 in. high; XVIIth century.

Jade was represented by a shallow spinach-green bowl, 14 in. diam., Ch'ien Lung period, which sold for 140 gns. A collection of ten Japanese ivory netsuke and a small group of a man with three boys sold for 50 gns.

PHILLIPS, SON AND NEALE sold an eight-fold Chinese lacquer screen for £240. It was incised with a panoramic landscape decora-



William and Mary Bureau, 2 ft. wide, 6 ft. 11 in. high.
Sold by Phillips, Son and Neale for £1,800.

tion, and the reverse with applied figures and flowering branches in hardstones and ivory. It measured 6 ft. 11 in. high.

Oriental pieces sold recently at ROGERS, CHAPMAN AND THOMAS included two vases with a flambe glaze, which brought £22 and £31, and another with blue and purple glazes, £25. A pair of gilt and painted silk gourd-shaped lanterns brought £41 and four oval portraits on glass with decorated gilt frames sold for £42.

SILVER

Fine old English silver has been sold recently at CHRISTIE'S. One of the interesting lots was a pair of George I double-lipped sauce boats by James Fraillon, 1717, which sold for £1,100. Up to the time of this sale no sauce boats had been sold by Christie's dated earlier than 1722. The two scroll handles moulded at the top with palm leaves, the centres of the bowls with the arms of Foster of York impaling Whitmore of Apley, Co. Salop. These sauce boats measured 8½ in. and weighed 35 oz. 3 dwt. A Charles II tankard and cover of plain cylindrical form, the flat cover with double-lobed thumbpiece, sold for £240. It was engraved with the arms of Sir Thomas Osborne, K.G., created Duke of Leeds, 1694, and his wife Bridget, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey. The tankard was dated 1662 and had maker's mark P B between crescents; 7 in. high, 35 oz. 15 dwt. Two examples of silver-gilt, each bearing the crest of Edgcumbe for Earls of Mount Edgcumbe were a George II two-handled cup with domed cover decorated with strapwork and chased scrollwork and figures, by Eliza Godfrey, 1749, 13½ in. high, 87 oz. 13 dwt. Engraved with two coats of arms, one of Edgcumbe with Gilbert in pretence for George, 3rd Baron Edgcumbe, subsequently 1st Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and his wife Emma, whom he married in 1761, daughter of John Gilbert, D.D., Archbishop of York. The other coat of arms is of Gilbert impaling an unidentified coat, presumably the arms of an archbishop, brought £580. £700 was paid for a set of four silver-gilt shell dishes by John Wakelin and Robert Garrard, 1799, 9 in. wide, 73 oz. 5 dwt. The dishes had ribbed sides and everted scalloped rims chased with strapwork, trellis and foliage, and were engraved in the centre with the arms of Edgcumbe with Hobart in pretence for Richard, 2nd Earl of Mount Edgcumbe (1764-1839), who married in 1789 Sophia, daughter of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

SALE ROOM NOTES AND PRICES

The Honourable Society of the Inner Temple sent silver for sale by Order of the Bench. This included a George I large saucepan of plain circular form engraved with the crest of the Society. It was made by Robert Timbrell and Benjamin Bentley, 1714, and sold for £195 (37 oz. 11 dwt.). A much later example is a pair of Victorian five-light candelabra by Robert Garrard, each with octagonal bases and baluster stems decorated with medallion portraits of English poets, 26½ in. high, 388 oz. 5 dwt. The pair sold for £350. Cutlery included two sets of forks engraved with the crests of Kenneth, 1st Earl of Effingham of the second creation (1767-1845). One hundred and sixty pounds was paid for twenty-two three-pronged table forks by Elias Cachart, 1747 (43 oz. 17 dwt.) and £155 for eleven Queen Anne three-pronged dessert forks with dog-nosed tops by Joseph Barbut, 1707 (11 oz.). Eighteen silver-gilt three-pronged dessert forks engraved with a coronet, 1738, etc., brought £150 (20 oz. 3 dwt.).

Another property in this sale consisted of two George I large plain jugs of pear shape, engraved with the arms of Sanford of Nynehead Court, Wellington, Co. Somerset, with a moulded rib above, moulded lip and spout and wood scroll handle, 8 in. high, by John Elston, Exeter, 1717 (33 oz. 13 dwt.). One brought £680 and was inscribed below the base "Ex Dono Geo. et Ric Sanford." The other, almost similar and by the same maker, brought £520. It measured 8½ in. high, was dated 1714, and weighed 31 oz. 4 dwt.

Foreign silver included a set of four German silver-gilt Setzbecher by Sebald Buhel, Nuremberg, c. 1570, which sold for £650. These measured 3½ in. high and weighed 26 oz. 8 dwt. The domed circular feet and lips, cast and chased with hunting scenes, and the bowls etched with a band of arabesque foliage. This set is mentioned in Rosenberg, No. 3961b. A Swiss silver-gilt cup with vase-shaped stem and waisted bowl, brought £95. It was engraved with numerous coats of arms, names and the date 1634; 8½ in. high, Zurich, early XVIIIth century. The maker's mark probably that shown by Rosenberg, No. 9056 (8 oz. 16 dwt.).

ROGERS, CHAPMAN AND THOMAS have sold a pair of table candlesticks with openwork sconces, on circular beaded bases, for £45 (18 oz. 12 dwt.).

At PHILLIP, SON AND NEALE a centrepiece by Robinson Edkins and Astor, Birmingham, 1837, brought £100. This consisted of a basket top with cut glass bowl and four branches for candles or four small baskets with glass dishes (180 oz.).

FURNITURE

It is very noticeable how many lots of lacquered furniture, both European and Oriental, have been included in the sales held at CHRISTIE'S this season. Also there have been many marquetry pieces from the Continent. None of these have been of great importance or very rare, but show that buyers are interested in this type of furniture. Two examples of the lots of English lacquered furniture are a pair of black lacquer cabinets with folding doors enclosing drawers, decorated with plants and sprays in gold and colours, on giltwood stands in Chinese style, 25 in. wide, XVIIIth century, which sold for 110 gns. A Queen Anne black lacquer card-table with shaped folding top on plain cabriole legs, brought 26 gns. It was decorated in gold and colours with pagodas and landscapes, flower sprays and branches. The marquetry furniture included a Louis XV oval writing-table inlaid in various woods and mother of pearl with ormolu knee plaques, 26 in. wide, which brought 62 gns., and an Italian commode of slightly serpentine shape, on cabriole legs with hoof feet, 42 gns. This piece was decorated in ivory and various woods with hunting scenes, 45 in. wide, XVIIIth century.

Other lots sold at Christie's recently have included a Regency mahogany extending dining-table, with three extra leaves, extending to 13 ft. long. It bears a brass plaque inscribed "B. P. Titter, Inventor and Manufacturer, No. 4, St. Simons, Norwich." This table sold for 115 gns. In the same sale were a pair of giltwood mirrors, the oval plates contained in frames carved in the style of Thomas Johnson with flower sprays and birds, a squirrel and tie cresting and a fox at the base. This pair brought 100 gns., and is similar to Pl. 55 of Thomas Johnson's work, *One Hundred and Fifty New Designs*, 1761.

Twenty-four guineas was paid for a Regency giltwood overmantel with rectangular plate in a moulded and beaded border, the upper glass panel painted with a figure emblematic of the United States of America, 33½ in. high by 18½ in. wide.

At PHILLIPS, SON AND NEALE, a rare William and Mary bureau cabinet sold for £1,800. This was of unusually small size, only 2 ft. wide and 6 ft. 11 in. high, and was veneered in mulberry wood. The upper part with a moulded dome cornice and enclosed by a single glazed door, the lower part with fall flap and drawers below, c. 1695. French furniture included a kingwood bombe commode of Louis XV style. The two long drawers richly mounted in ormolu, veined rouge marble top, 62 in., £255.

ROGERS, CHAPMAN AND THOMAS sold a Dutch semi-circular marquetry commode with grey veined marble top for £59. It measured 4 ft. and was fitted with three drawers and two cupboards.

COUNTRY SALES.

Lewes. At a sale at their Auction Galleries, MESSRS. ROWLAND GORRINGE sold a mahogany bachelor chest for £27 and a Regency style sofa table for £42. Thirty pounds was paid for a Pembroke table.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne. MESSRS. STOREY, SONS AND PARKER held a sale at Conrad House, Bentinck Road, at which £127 was paid for a water-colour of the Rialto, Venice, by James Holland, and £90 for another water-colour of Carnarvon Castle, by Samuel Heironymus Grimm. In the furniture section £200 was paid for a mahogany four-poster bedstead with mattress and overlay, and £62 10s. for an Empire mahogany sofa with scroll and swan-neck ends. Three examples of Newcastle silver by John Langlands in the sale were a George III two-handled cup, 1769, which brought £31; a George II plain tapered tankard, 1759, £58; and a two-handled cup, 1799, £22. Porcelain included a Capo de Monte plaque with a Bacchanalian scene, which sold for £63.

Godalming. PHILLIP, SON AND NEALE, in conjunction with GURR, JOHNS AND CO., LTD., held a sale at Tuesday Court at which a 7-ft. high, 5-fold Chinese lacquer screen with incised decoration in colours, sold for £115, and a pair of Hepplewhite mahogany elbow chairs, the shield-shaped backs carved with the Prince of Wales plumes, brought £125. The carpets included a Persian carpet with a vase and floral design on a cream ground within red and blue borders, 14 ft. by 10 ft. 3 in., which sold for £170.

Nr. Bath. MESSRS. JOHN D. WOOD AND CO. held a sale at Shockerwick House. Paintings included "Cattle and Herdsman in a Landscape," by Shayer Senr., 24 in. by 29 in., for which £82 10s. was paid. In the silver section a pair of George III sauce-boats on spade feet, 18 oz., 1769, brought £60. The furniture included a longcase wall clock by Thos. Hall of Romsey in a mahogany case with shaped hood and base surmounted with an open dome cage, 78 in. high, which brought £72 10s. A mahogany sofa table with amboyna border on end supports, with scroll-shaped stretcher and brass paw feet, brought £60, 5 ft. wide, extended, and a Hepplewhite settee with a mahogany frame carved with guilloche, 6 ft. 3 in., £70.

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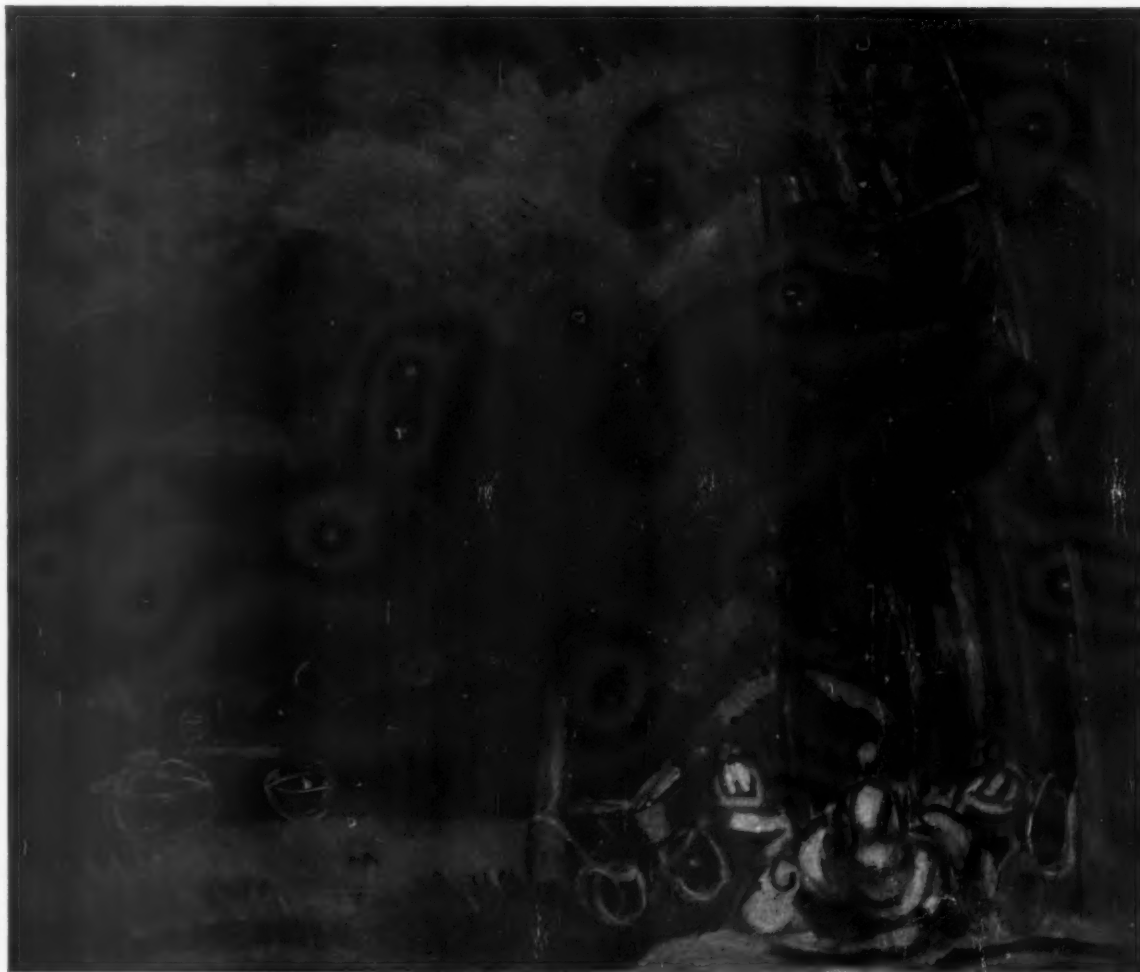


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